Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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Another View of the Columbia Rail-Road Bridge, over the [illegible]

This plate gives another view of the bridge noticed in a preceding number, taken from a point that exhibits the inclined plane, a very important feature in the enterprise for the completion of which the Bridge was rendered necessary.

The inclined plane is five-eighths of a mile in length, and has a rise of 184 feet, equal to 1 inch in the foot. Cars are drawn up the plane, upon which there are two tracks, by a steam engine of sixty horse power, stationed at the top. One train ascends, while another is let down, the operations being very skilfully directed by a superintendant occupying the north wing of the arch sketched in the left corner of the engraving.—This superintendant, Mr. Thomas, who lost a hand by an accident at one of the piers, has a spy-glass which enables him distinctly to observe all proceedings at the bottom of the plane, and to tell when the cars are ready for the ascent. His signal regulates the steam engine, and all the operations on the plane, which, to those not familiar with works of this description, are of a very interesting character.

The great expense and labour necessarily connected with the plane, and the detentions and accidents to which passengers and merchandise are liable, are, however, very serious objections against the adoption of inclined planes when they can possibly be avoided. Already a company has been organised for constructing a road from the city, to some point on the Columbia Rail-road, eight or ten miles from the Bridge, so as to avoid the sudden rise of the plane, and dispense with the stationary engine. This company, the West Philadelphia Rail-road company, have satisfactorily ascertained the feasibility of their project, and it will undoubtedly be pushed forward to a speedy completion.

The scenery on the Schuylkill, in the vicinity of the bridge, is of a very interesting and picturesque character. Peter's Island, immediately above the Bridge, is a beautiful little spot, and the rich foliage on the undulating banks of the river, and the many fertile farms and handsome country seats, extending in all directions as far as the eye can reach, give this neighborhood strong attractions for those who love the quiet, romantic and fascinating scenery of the ever-delightful Schuylkill. The river is enlivened, upon almost every fair day, by the crews of some of our numerous boat clubs, who row hither for recreation or pleasure, and their merry and enlivening sports, together with the spirit-stirring notes of the boatman's horn, proceeding to the city with the rich produce of the interior, or to the west with a valuable cargo of merchandise, give life and animation to the whole scene. As a place of resort for a leisure afternoon, there are few places in the vicinity of our city, more agreeably diversified by attractive and exciting associations.

From the Portland Advertiser.

Brooks' Letters.

THINGS IN VENICE.—No. LX.

Sept. 20, 1835.

The Arsenal in Venice, every body visits,—and well they may, to witness this huge forge whence came the arms that brought death to the Arab and the Saracen, and defeat to the proud Genoese,—whence came too the weapons that defended the domain of Christianity, and drove back the Turk and the infidel, when he had already passed the Adriatic, and made a stride upon Italy. The Arsenal is on an island in the eastern part of the city, and is so well defended by lofty walls and turrets, as to resemble a fortress, the object of it being to preserve the artillery and the fleet. It was the great arsenal of the powerful republic of Venice, and at times, it is said, there were on it sixteen thousand workmen and thirty-six thousand seamen. Its principal entrance is ornamented on the outside with the winged lion of Venice—a colossal lion in white marble taken from the Piræus at Athens,—another lion from Athens,—a lioness taken from Corinth, and another having the word 'Attica' marked upon it, which the Venetians plundered, when they planted the banner of St Mark in Athens, and thus wrested it from the Ottoman Porte. But the Arsenal of Venice, like the city, is now dying or dead, and the principal sight of the present day is the ancient armory, and the few workmen left.

I took a gondola with my companion whom I re-found here, and a valet-de-place, the first with one oar costing about four *moanzingers* a day, (about 70 cents of our money,) and the other four or five francs of France, (you see I keep up my resolution of telling the American traveller who may come here, what is necessary to pay) the gondolier being necessary in a city where you cannot walk upon the water, and the valet-de-place, (a Frenchman is always found, an Englishman seldom or never,) where you have but little time to see, and are compelled to improve that time to the utmost advantage:—and at our ease, my companion and myself sailed from island to island, and from church to palace, through canal and over lagune, searching out whatsoever was curious. The gondolas are something like our Indian canoes—not so very delicate to be sure, but easily overset,—often, almost always even, with a covering of black in the centre, an arched-like canopy under which the party sits looking out of the windows to the right and left. The oarsman stands in the stern, and with his paddle or oar propels or guides the gondola, very like the manner of the Indians of the North,—with a delicacy and skill remarkable however, as he will just jut by a neighboring gondola without a single shock, passing the turns of the canals and gliding under the single arch of the numerous bridges with safety and ease, using only a loud warning as he turns a corner, so that a gondola if approaching, may be upon its guard. Whenever you step upon any quay, a beggar with his hook, who holds your gondola, expects about a quarter or a half cent of our money,—and into whatever church you enter, you will commonly find another beggar at the door, who, upon lifting the curtain for you to enter or to go out, expects a similar compensation,—the prerogative probably that the miserable and wretched population have over the better-dressed, and better-looking. Now and then, as you sail along in the gondolas, you can see a female face at some of the windows, whose eye is upon the canals, as the eyes of the Dutch girls upon theirs;—but, generally speaking, the sight of a woman elsewhere than in the churches where they seem to be ever thronging to pray and to attend mass, is rather uncommon. For woman in Catholic as in Protestant countries, is ever the greater frequenter of the church, the most constant, the most sincere, and the most devoted worshipper of God. The women of Venice, however, generally speaking, are kept shut up, and do not, as in many other towns of Italy, participate in all the business of their husbands,—it may be, that from that universal corruption of manners which, it has been said, once made Venice but a grand seraglio, it has been deemed necessary to keep its inmates under the strictest watch.

With the gondola and the valet, among our many other journeys, we went to visit the celebrated prisons of Venice, which were once unknown to all save the government and the jailor, and into which were thrust all who dared too freely to question the acts of that august tribunal. They adjoin the Ducal Palace, and the communication between the tribunal in the palace where the accused was arraigned, and the horrid cells where confined, was by a covered bridge over the intermediate canal, which was appropriately named, and so well known as the Bridge of Sighs—*Il Ponte dei Suspiri*,—the Italian name. Hence Byron writes:—

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs:
A Palace and a Prison on each hand."

At the foot of this bridge are the Pozzi, or horrid cells where the hapless victims were incarcerated. They are small, dark and damp, sunk in the thick walls of the Palace, and from them the prisoner was led in the dead of night to a cell upon the Bridge of Sighs, where he was strangled or beheaded, and then tumbled in the canal beneath, whose awful secrets it was death to explore. Byron in his notes to Childe Harold says that you may crawl down through holes half choked by rubbish into two yet deeper stories of this under-water grave. We saw the spot where the hangman did his office. We marked the floor all besprinkled plainly with human blood. Once a day, for a brief interval, while the prisoners took their wretched meal, a light was allowed, and then some of the captives employed the stolen minutes in scratching their names upon the walls with a memento of their feelings, some few of which of the date of 1605, Byron has copied in the notes of which I have been speaking. The French, when they broke down decrepid Venice, found a prisoner there who had been confined sixteen years; but Liberty given him by them, and the light of day were fatal boons, for he became totally blind the instant he saw the sun! Oh, what a sad lesson all this of the cruelty of Power! When on the gloomy water in which hundreds of corpses had been plunged, I could not but utter a new anathema against Power of every name and form, whether in Republics or Despotisms, and take a new oath to Law and the Courts of Law where Jurors sit, where one having the heart of a citizen can be secure.

From this hell amid the waters, we emerged with a heavy heart to go and visit the Ducal Palace itself, where sat the 'potent, grave and reverend Signors,' who dealt destruction to every foe. We entered the grand hall, where they held their high deliberations. Around its walls are the portraits of all the Doges, except one,—Marino Faliero,—instead of which is a black funeral cloth suspended over a frame, with a Latin inscription, which says, '*The place of Marino Faliero, beheaded for his crimes.*' The English reader is made familiar with his story by Byron's Historical Tragedy. In this august hall the Painters have blazoned the history of Venice, as we have attempted to do the like on the Rotunda of our Capitol. Here, paintings, and the associations bring one back to the splendid triumph of Venice, and to the crusades of the middle ages. The humbled Frederic Barbarossa is not forgotten. The blind old Dandolo, tumbling from his galley upon the hostile shores of the Imperial city of the east, is there. Paul Veronese has taken a poetic liberty, in representing Venice crowned and seated in the clouds.—Who has the right to such a liberty, if not the city that exchanged the Imperial purple of the Cæsars from Emperor to Emperor at her will,—the mistress of the Archipelago, the Ocean Queen to whom the proud crusaders paid their court,—the victor at Lepanto in that bloody fight of the Christians with the Turk? The grand hall of the Senators, where they deliberated, awakens your recollection to all this history. You are on a spot where mighty men have swayed the destinies of the world. You recall from what they sprung—'water-fowl' they were called, with fish their only food and salt their only merchandise; and thence as you trace out their humble progress to the vast trade of the Indies, and the whole East, till the discovery of the passage of the Cape of Good Hope, you cannot but, as I have said before, compare their origin to ours at Plymouth and Jamestown, the pilgrims and cavaliers alike seeking a refuge as the Venetians did, and alike pushing their trade to the utmost then known bounds of the earth. In the hall, apart from the paintings, are some fine pieces of ancient sculpture—a bust of Cicero and Marcus Aurelius, an Eagle and Ganymede attributed to Phidias, and a Leda and a Swan, a piece of sculpture so exquisitely beautiful, and voluptuous withal, that if it could be described, one would scarcely dare describe it.

The Lion's mouth, with open jaws, so formidable a part of the Venetian history, or rather what it was, next attracted our attention. Into this Lion's mouth, *denunzie secrete*, anonymous fabrications of treason or conspiracy against the state were thrown by every wretch who chose to glut his vengeance, or his pique against some citizen of the state,—and wo to the miserable man thus ensnared! Death often, too often, was his fate. The French on their possession of Venice put an end to this famous Lion's mouth, and now it is therefore looked upon without that thrill of terror with which it must have been viewed in olden times. The Lion's mouth, the fearful prisons, the Bridge of Sighs, are sad incidents in the history of Venice, but they only show the abuses that may be made even of delegated power, and in what manner Democracy may become a horrid tyranny. Before we Republicans over the sea too loudly condemn, we must first see if we have no *secret denunciation*, no Lion's mouth. The man who secretly reports the political opinions of his neighbor to steal his office from him,—does not he use the Lion's mouth?—and the government who strips the citizen of his office for opinion's sake,—does it not often send him across 'the Bridge of Sighs,' if not into the dreadful Pozzi of the Venetian prisons? The Venetian Republicans began with only the Lion's mouth, which we have under another name,—and it was after the people submitted to that, that the denounced was thrust into the prisons and tumbled headless from the Bridge of Sighs. There is so much in this old world to make a man jealous of all power, and swear against it an ever-lasting hatred under every name and form,—there is so much in all history to teach us that *all* government is an evil made necessary by our bad passions, and that the least we are compelled by this necessity to suffer this necessary evil, the better for the human race,—looking upon it even as the *disease* to make us die—the Cholera or the Plague, to sweep off the over-abundance of a population,—that I cannot help running out of my way on every tempting occasion, to show my countrymen how easy it is for power, even with us, to cloak acts that the whole world [illegible]

Our gondolier then took us—after we had seen the different rooms of the Ducal Palace, the Hall of the Council of Ten, of the Inquisition and all—among the narrow canals, and under the low bridges over them. The grand Canal we often sailed up and down to see the palaces upon it. The Rialto Bridge with its single span over the grand canal, looked grander upon a second sight, and grander still at a third. If Palladio had had his way, what a miracle this luxurious artist would have made in building a bridge more capacious than this! We entered into the Church of *San Giorgio Maggiore*, and if ornament and wealth would confound a man, one would be confounded here. We visited the various churches the Venetians had erected as votive offerings to God for the cessation of the Plague in the city. If high heaven esteems marbles, precious stones, sculptured saints, rich Mosaics, and gorgeous frescoes, the Plague will never come again. Enough has been done to buy a dozen pestilences off. The church of the Jesuits—*Chiesa di Gesuiti*, is a marvel in Mosaics. Carrara marble, with *Verd Antique*, are so incrusted and interwoven, that they resemble green and damask hangings. The ground being white, the green marble flowers intertwined imitate, in their veins, the soft, silky, and varied hues of nature. Before the high altar is spread a rich Turkey carpet, formed—of inlaid marble! The ceiling is a profusion of gilding. In short, the eye is so fatigued by the view of so much wealth, that even a simple rough stone begins in the contrast to have a beauty it never had before. One is drunk with beauty, even without the metaphor.

After a hard day's work, that I have but partially set forth,—from the early fogs of the morning, (Venice is ever veiled at night) amid the noon-day sun, even to the shades of night—I sat down at dinner with my companion and an English friend to talk over 'the glories of the day.' I know not how it was with them, but I was utterly fatigued—exhausted with what my eyes had seen, and the reflections that so many stirring sights aroused. I never was more wearied not even when a foot tramp over the snows and glaciers of Switzerland, or when among the Moors of England, or the Highlands of Scotland. I mention this, not that it concerns me, but to show you the effect such display will have upon an eye now somewhat accustomed to see such things. An English friend of mine boasted loudly of what he had seen in Milan, in Verona and Vicenza. 'You have seen nothing,' was the reply of my companion, for the Englishman had just arrived. 'You are a child in sight-seeing yet,' he continued. 'Dream—magnify—fancy—rave—and you cannot come up to the reality of Venetian splendor. All England could not buy a Venetian church!' The Englishman pricked up his ears, and my companion went on. 'Why, one of these six hundred-years old palaces here,' said he, 'has a greater display of fine arts than the whole of the British museum. You are barbarians,' he added, 'the best of you, in comparison with the old gondoliers here in all that belongs to the arts.' My companion exaggerated much,—but he had an odd habit for exaggeration whenever he met with a John Bull, who ever thinks his country the only country on earth,—religiously believing, I fear, that all others are uninhabitable, except for the purpose of scraping together a little money so as to go home and die, and be buried in a 'respectable' manner. I have laughed many a time to hear him tell an Englishman, with a serious face, how bloody duels were in America,—how he loved them himself, and the bloodier the better,—how thickly men died on the Mississippi, say—what horrid knaves they were, and what an amusement it was to blow up fifty or sixty men by a steamboat boiler, or to *Lynch* a fellow when you had not time to try him, *because* dinner was waiting, say—till at last the credulous John would begin to crawl with terror from such an ogre. Indeed I don't know but what it is as well to overact a character the world will give you, and thus by the very exaggeration show what dupes there are upon it. The Englishmen have always lifted up their hats to my companion with a politeness that astonished me, for the world, I don't know how it is, are ever over-civil to men whom they believe Satan has a title of, while to him whose route may perhaps been another road, a simple '*how d'ye do*' will do! At any rate it shows that virtue is not well patronised in this wicked age of ours.

After dinner in an Italian city, usually comes the opera, and I wound my way with my companions through the entangling alleys to the Opera House of Venice. The house itself is no grand show. The audience was not large. Moses in Egypt was the theme. The actors and actresses, and musicians too, were a graceless set, the fame of Venetian music to the contrary notwithstanding, or else I have within me no susceptibility for that enjoyment which, it is said, we shall partake of, with the angels of Heaven—music I mean—for as Tantalus forgot his thirst at the sound of Orpheus's lyre, and Sysiphus his stone—it may be by a similar inspiration, I soon forgot myself, and was—a *snoring*—horrid to confess!—in the Orpheus's arms. The graceless players, therefore, I have charged with all this sin, for I will not plead a deaf ear to that 'language of the soul,' as Petrarch beautifully terms the notes of melody, nor acknowledge myself 'fit for treasons, stratagems and war,' as Shakspeare, I think, denounces the haters of music. I only know I spent an evening dreaming of every thing else but the stage and the orchestra—now in the Hall of the Council of Ten, that mausoleum of power, marching out of 'the fatal den,' where this secret tribunal thrust their victims—and anon in the lowest deep of the dark dungeons I had been visiting—till wearied with this 'language of the soul,' I left my companions, who waited for the *language* of the toes in the ballet, and attempted to thread my way home alone and unguided through the dark alleys of Venice. Ye gods, ye thirty thousand gods of Athens, I must invoke the whole mythology of you all, what a condition I was in! I threaded every cross-lane alley, I believe, of the magnificently extended city. I walked, and walked, and walked. I turned, and squared, and turned, and wheeled, and walked and walked—and all at the end I could ever find was the Rialto or the Place of St Mark. A Cretan labyrinth is a straight line in comparison. A Roman catacomb is not to be mentioned in the same century. I dashed over bridge and bridge—I suddenly halted on the very verge of the canals, when another footstep would have made a fish of me, or make me into fish, after the fish had eaten me up,—but every where was that everlasting Rialto, and that now horrible St. Mark. I had been reading so many stories of ancient poniarding in the alleys of Venice, and was so full of the belief that an English-speaking man had better not betray his foreign accent in murdering Italian, that I had made up my mind to walk till the dawn of day before I asked an Italian the way to my Albergo. Once or twice I tried an Austrian sentinel whom I met training on his little station, but as I did not jabber his Hungarian, and as he could not comprehend my Italian, I gave that up at last,—when lo and behold! I met my companions with a guide searching for me over the bridges, and by the narrow alleys, who comfortably consoled me with the remark that they had sought me at home, and not finding me there, were now listening to hear my last gulp in some small canal! The rascals, I disappointed them,—and I have only told you the story to give you an idea of the complexity of pedestrianism, or as Cobbett would have written it, of footpadding in Venice. People generally go to the Opera in gondolas.

B.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

The following beautiful reply to the stanzas of Mr. Wilde, published in the first number of the Messenger, is attributed to Mrs. Buckley, the wife of a distinguished citizen of Baltimore, a lady whose fine taste and poetic capacity are most happily displayed in these touching lines. The answer is a very perfect counterpart of Mr. Wilde's stanzas, and if we are called on to decide upon their relative merits we do not know which of the two would most demand our admiration.

ANSWER,

TO "MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE."

The dews of night may fall from Heaven,
Upon the wither'd rose's bed,
And tears of fond regret be given,
To mourn the virtues of the dead:
Yet morning's sun the dews will dry,
And tears will fade from sorrow's eye,
Affection's pangs be lull'd to sleep,
And even love forget to *weep*.

The *tree* may mourn its fallen *leaf*,
And autumn winds bewail its bloom,
And friends may heave the sigh of grief,
O'er those who sleep within the tomb:
Yet soon will spring renew the flowers,
And time will bring more smiling hours;
In friendship's heart all grief will die,
And even love forget to *sigh*.

The *sea* may on the desert *shore*
Lament each *trace* it bears away;
The lonely heart its grief may pour
O'er cherish'd friendship's last decay;
Yet when all trace is lost and gone,
The waves dance bright and gaily on:
Thus soon affection's bonds are torn,
And even love forgets to *mourn*.

THE WYVILLES.

1.—George Wyville, Esq. to the Rev. Frederick Walsond, Hartley Rectory, Devonshire.

Leamington Spa, August.

My Dear Friend,—Don't be alarmed for the health of your old friend, when you see my letter dated from this enlarged edition of the Hospital of Invalids. I am still sound, wind and limb, and almost as active with the weight of fifty-six years on my back as in the merry times of our youth, when you and I, Fred,—with humility be it spoken,—were a couple of as gay young fellows as one would wish to meet with on a summer's day. It does one good to recall old times, and that is one reason why you and I are such indefatigable correspondents. I have written you a letter on my birth-day every year for these thirty years, and received your unfailing answer in the Christmas week. That is what I call a right English spirit, Fred—never to give up an intimacy with an old friend, when you have found by experience that he is a good and true one. I have been musing over some of our old adventures, I think they are something like wine—they improve every year. Some of them did not strike me much at the time; but now, after they have been bottled up for a quarter of a century, they have a flavour with them that none of one's newer incidents can equal. Do you recollect, Fred, when you and I, and Dick Breton and Jack Burn, came home, as hard as our nags would carry us, from Harley one night, and just got into college before the stroke of twelve? What a dark night it was, and how Dick kept boasting all the time of our gallop, that his horse was fresher than ever! And then do you recollect his consternation when he discovered that the hostler by mistake had mounted him, in the hurry and darkness, on the Black Jewel, that was on its way to run at Epsom races? It makes one laugh yet to think of Dick's rage, when an officer came next morning, and arrested him for horse-stealing. Ah! those were the times, my boy, for mirth and jollity: there is no such fun now-a-days. I don't believe any Oriel man has been had up for theft since the year of Dick Breton's exploit. How strangely that party is scattered now! Jack Burn keeps his ears warm with a judge's wig, and Dick Breton is a baronet and major general, with ten thousand a year, eighteen halfpenny-faced children, and only the recollection of a liver. You and I, Fred, are changed least of any. You were always a quiet, turally as possible into a steady, respectable rector; and I have flourished as much as the rest of the vegetables in the fat fields of Glemsworth Hall. A squire, a parson, a judge, and a general, were four young fellows, upon four fiery horses, dashing through turnpikes, or over them, I forget which;—my favourite pace now is a quiet amble, and my charger a cob of fourteen hands. There is not such another punch in Suffolk. 'Twas given to me by Harry Travers; and as the rascal has behaved so infamously since, I think I ought to send him the pony back; but what can I do, Fred? he is as sure-footed as a mule, and warranted to carry sixteen stone. In short, his good qualities are innumerable—well bred, steady without the least taint of vice, and just in his prime. On reading this last sentence over, I see it is a little doubtful whether I mean the horse or the man. I mean the Galloway, Fred—the other has noble points about him, but he is cursedly ill broke in—I'll tell you more about him some other time—I will only let you into the secret, that this same Harry Travers is the cause of my being here; there, that will set you guessing. I have told you already I am sound as a bell in health—and so I am; but notwithstanding that, I am afflicted with a very troublesome disease, in the shape of a daughter eighteen years of age—as beautiful as there is any occasion for, and filled to the brim with feeling and romance, which is just another name for—mischief. I undertook to be my own physician; and as this Master Travers lives with his uncle, the old curmudgeon who bought the Scarlock estates, which lie close into mine, I prescribed a change of air. My boy Tom is just come from his travels; very much improved, I believe, but I hav'nt yet seen him. I have sent him home to take care of things in my absence, and have ordered him, without showing any symptoms of suspicion, to keep a watchful eye on young Travers, and a designing, blue-eyed, sweet-looking little thing, his sister. As I am so far away from home, and have neither workmen to superintend, nor anything to do, but strut about the streets, I will perhaps write to you oftener than at other times: for this Emily of mine, though a very nice, well-behaved, affectionate girl—I *will* say that for her—is not so much of a companion as she used to be, but mopes a good deal, and raves a great quantity of nonsense about Shakspeare that wrote the plays. Do you recollect John Kemble in Cato the night we went to Covent Garden after taking our Bachelor's———but, by the by, I don't think Shakspeare wrote Cato. Remember me very kindly to my good friend, Mrs. Walsond, and my god-daughter, little Jane; and believe me your very sincere, old friend,

George Wyville.

2.—Miss Emily Wyville to Mrs. Margaret Bethel.

My dearest Aunt Peggy,—I wrote you a very hurried note just before leaving home, telling you of our removal to this place. As to its being for the sake of papa's health, I don't believe a word of it; he is stronger and better-looking than I ever remember him. Ah! I can't help feeling that I am the cause of his leaving home, and I may say happiness, behind him; for 'tis quite melancholy, I assure you, to see how out of his element he seems among the butterfly people of this frivolous town. He walks up and down the street as if he had no object in life but to while away the time; and, though we have only been here two days, I am sure he is more heartily tired of it than I am.

Two days after that happy, happy dinner at Scarlock, every thing seemed suddenly and unaccountably changed. My dearest friend!—the sweetest girl you ever saw in your life!—Oh! aunt Peggy, how you would love her, if you knew her so well as I do!—dear, dear Charlotte Travers was so good, so kind, so enchanting! In fact, ever since their old uncle, Mr. Dobbs, came to live at Scarlock, we have been more attached than sisters, and, for nearly half a year, not a week passed without our meeting two or three times; and papa was so fond of her too. And her brother, Mr. Henry Travers, was a great favourite of his. They were both almost constantly at Glemsworth, and you may easily imagine what a comfort dear Charlotte was to me, as we have no *near* neighbours but themselves. I will describe my Charlotte to you as nearly as I can. She is a little taller than I am, which you would not be surprised at, for she comes of a very tall family. Her brother is much taller than Tom. I should think he was fully six feet high; but then he is so elegant and graceful, quite free from the awkwardness which is generally produced by great height. Her eyes are a deep, rich brown; not so dark or penetrating as her brother's, nor so proud and haughty-looking. Her smile is very like his; and altogether, I am sure you would say, that Charlotte Travers is as beautiful as an angel.

Well, all this went on most delightfully till two days after our dinner at Scarlock, which I wrote you an account of, and then things went on very differently. Papa grew peevish and sullen; never laughed or joked with me as he used to do; never took me out for a ride; nor mentioned the name of his favourite Charlotte Travers. I thought this very odd, and still more unaccountable that he hurried me off here on a single day's notice; leaving my maid Patison at home, and only bringing old Giles Gubbins, the coachman, to look after his punch pony. He used to call it Young Harry, because it was a present from Mr. Travers; but now he never calls it by its name, but only says, "Giles, bring round my bay Galloway." I expect a letter from my brother Tom, who is at home, and hope to hear of my darling friend Charlotte through him. And now my dear aunt Peggy, I will tell you about our situation here.

We have a suite of rooms in the ——— hotel, and are as comfortable as if we were in a private house. The streets are spacious and handsome, and the country in the neighborhood the most beautiful, and the richest in England. We are within an hour's drive of Warwick Castle, or Guy's Cliff, or Kenilworth, or the birth-place of Shakspeare. All these we are going to see next week, and I will give you as good a description of them as I am able. But lovely as this place is, I cannot help fancying how fresh and beautiful the green lanes about Glemsworth must be in this enchanting summer. How delicious the dark sombre shade of the huge sycamores that form the avenue to Scarlock must be now, with their leafy tops so interlaced, that, in walking beneath them, you might fancy you were in some old cathedral, with its dim religious light, and might listen for the swell of the noble organ to waft your soul beyond this visible diurnal sphere, and lap your senses in Elysium. Ah! when shall we get back to dear old Glemsworth!—Your ever affectionate niece,

Emily Wyville.

3.—Thomas Wyville, Esq. to George Wyville, Esq.

My Dear Father,—I had stood here on my post without seeing any thing of the enemy for two days, and began to think of taking the first step myself, by calling on old Dobbs, and reconnoitering the position of his forces. However, I assuaged my *ennui* as well as I was able, by revisiting the scenes of my youth, which are rendered doubly dear to me by having been absent from them so long.

Three years' tossing about in foreign parts has not rubbed off, I assure you, one particle of my English feeling, and I prefer the secluded beauty of an English village, with its venerable church tower arising from amidst a grove of trees, and the cottage smoke curling in blue wreaths far up into the silent air, to the more dazzling prospects of France or Italy. In looking at them my eye only is delighted—it never gets clear into the heart, as a home view, like the scene from our own Merrill Down. And certainly the landscape from that point is very much improved, by the additions your new neighbour has made at Scarlock Hall. The new facings he has given the turrets, and the very judicious openings he has made in the woods, give a greater harmony to the landscape than I had ever thought it susceptible of. But I am wandering from the business of the letter. Yesterday, about one o'clock, after I had been strolling about the park for several hours, I had retired to our old schoolroom, where Emily had left some of her books and drawings. I had thrown myself into the old arm-chair, with my back to the open window,—I had a book in my hand, but as I have now forgotten what book it was, I suspect I could not have been very highly interested in its contents; but certainly, whether by the story I was reading, or by something else, my mind was entirely occupied, when I was awakened out of my reverie by a step just at my side, and then a faint shriek! I started up and saw, nearly sinking to the ground, with agitation and alarm, the sweetest creature in the world; her cheeks pale with fear, and in the next moment flushing with confusion. Excuse me, she said, I expected to find Emily here. I told her my sister had left the country, and inquired if it was Miss Travers whom I had the honour to address. It was, indeed; and really, my dear father, I can't at all see how Emily can possibly be in the smallest danger from so very desirable a companion. She told me that her brother had accompanied her to the gate, and after our mutual awkwardness at so unexpected a rencontre had worn off, and after a great deal of laughing at her unceremonious *entrée* by the window, I ordered Lightfoot, and offered to accompany her till she rejoined her escort in the village. Her brother, however, not expecting her return so soon, had ridden somewhere else, and as she was afraid to return to Scarlock without him, we cut off into the lower woods, in hopes of finding him at a summer house to which she told me he was in the habit of making frequent pilgrimages. The thing that astonished Miss Travers more than any thing else, was the suddenness of your removal from Glemsworth, and Emily's entire silence on the subject. Poor thing, I could not help pitying her for losing her only companion through the savage meanness of the uncultivated barbarian, her uncle. But in case this simplicity should turn out to be assumed, and both she and her brother are in a plot to thwart your designs, I have determined, as the best means of watching her closely, to ride out with her as often as I can. If you will tell me more at large than you have hitherto done, the actual result of your conversation with old Dobbs, and your fears as to the designs of young Travers, I should be more able to assist you than now when I am kept comparatively in the dark. After a long ramble through the alleys of the wood, we at last encountered her brother. I was struck with his resemblance to his sister, and though prepared by your last instructions to be suspicious of them, I could not help thinking, from his appearance, that he was rather deserving of the praises you used to lavish on him in the [illegible] duced us to each other in a manner which made it impossible for me to keep up the appearance of reserve which I had intended. I determined, however, not to have more conversation with him than was absolutely unavoidable, so I attached myself almost exclusively to his sister's side. This, I think you will allow, is the safest way, for if I permit myself to get on friendly terms with him, I shall find it very difficult to keep a properly unprejudiced eye upon his movements. After a delightful ride, I left them at Scarlock gate, and as they are going to-morrow to a farm of old Dobb's—how immensely rich the old hunks must be!—about eight miles off, over Lepcot Down, I thought that was a very good opportunity of fishing out more of their real character, and I have accordingly agreed to go with them. Now could any thing be more lucky than this acquaintance, so unexpectedly formed, and, from that very circumstance, divested at once of all the forms and stiffnesses of an ordinary introduction? I shall write to you the result of my observations to-morrow or next day. Now, that a sense of duty to you has reconciled me to my position here, I must confess that I thought it very provoking to have been sent down to this solitary mansion without once seeing either you or Emily after so long an absence. I hope you find Leamington agree with you, and if you do, I should advise you to be in no great hurry to deprive yourself of its advantages. Every thing goes on here as well as if yourself were on the spot; and as Emily has luckily left the key of her book shelves, I can employ my spare time very profitably in study. Write to me immediately, and believe me, dear father, &c.

Thomas Wyville.

4.—George Wyville, Esq. to Thomas Wyville, Esq.

That's the very thing; stick to it, my boy, and Harry Travers—Mr. Henry Travers, I mean—confound the boy, I can't help thinking and speaking of him as if he were my own. Well, that young man will find it impossible to escape your penetration. You ask me the particulars of my interview with old Dobbs. Did you ever see him? He is the scurviest-looking old rascal you ever saw—thin as a board, with a face apparently carved by a very rough workman out of a log of damaged mahogany. He and I used to get on very well, though he was continually jeering me about my high birth as he called it; he was always doing the same to his nephew and niece;—for General Travers, their father, you'll observe, made what is called a low marriage, though, from all I can hear, their mother was a very respectable, lady-like sort of a woman. You know, from my letters, what a favourite of mine young Harry was. In fact, he was the nicest lad that could be—famous rider, capital shot, admirable fisher;—in short, one of the pleasantest, best-informed fellows you can fancy. I was always thinking what an excellent companion he would be for you on your return, and installed him very nearly in your place, as my right hand man upon all occasions. As to minding his uncle, he did not care a stiver for all the old Dobbs's that ever walked, compared to me. And if the truth were told, I think he likes me better yet than e'er a relation he has in the world, for Harry is the best-hearted—but enough of this. Two days before I came here in such a hurry, I went over to Scarlock, and sat down for a few minutes with old Dobbs. The old fellow has a habit of beginning every conversation with a strange grumphy sort of cough, and the bitterer the speech he is going to make, the quicker and more frequent grows his—ugg! ugg! ugg! After speechifying to each other about the weather for some little time, I thought it best to come to business with the old gentleman in an open, honourable kind of way; so I said to him,

"Your nephew, young Travers, is a great favourite of mine."

"Ugg, ugg—He is very well till he is known."

"Well, for my part, I like him the better the more I see of him. And what I was going to say to you was this, that if so be as by any chance our young ones should take a fancy to each other, why, then"———

"Ugg, ugg, ugg," interrupted old Dobbs; "why then, neighbour Wyville, you must make the young man your game-keeper; and as to the young woman"—

"Mr. Dobbs," I said, getting angry at the impertinent old vulgarian, "I want to hear only a plain answer to a plain question. You would object to the match?"

"Ugg, ugg—between Glemworth Manor and Scarlock Hall?—by no means—ugg, ugg."

"Why, you must be aware, Mr. Dobbs, that I have a son, and can do very little for my daughter."

"Then I can do nothing—ugg, ugg—for my nephew; for—ugg, ugg—d'ye see, you squires of gentle blood are very glad to get hold of a good settlement in any way you can—ugg, ugg. If it's love that makes Miss Emily run after my nephew, why let her marry him, and be contented. He shall get no settlement from me."

"We don't want any from any penny-saving old curmudgeon like you," cried I, in a great rage; "and if you gave him all the money you have scraped together, he should never have my consent to marry any one belonging to me. So, good morning."

"Ugg, ugg, ugg. What if he marries her without asking your leave?" replied old Dobbs, growing nearly as angry as I was. "What if he takes her in spite of you? what if he runs away with her before a month is past? Ugg, ugg, ugg."

"I shall take special care he has no opportunity."

"Ugg, ugg—no settlement from me. But what's to hinder him from marrying any squire's daughter he pleases? what's to hinder him, I say? Ugg, ugg."

Before he had time to finish his harangue, I had left the insulting old scoundrel's house; and as I have made up my mind to keep Emily out of the way, I brought her off here, in hopes of her meeting some fellow that will put Harry Travers out of her head. But do you, in the mean time, continue your guard upon the brother and sister; spite old Dobbs in every way you can; and, after I have got all things a little more comfortably settled here, I will run down for a day or two to Glemworth to see how the land lies. I have no time for any more at present; so remain your affectionate father,

George Wyville.

5.—Miss Emily Wyville to Mrs. Margaret Bethel.

We have now been here, dearest aunt Peggy, for a whole fortnight, and still I have heard nothing of what they are doing at Glemsworth. My brother Tom has written two or three letters to papa; but their contents are rigidly kept from me. We were terribly dull for the first week. Papa had nothing to do. The news-room grew tiresome, so did the pump-room; and as we had no society, I was quite sorry to see him so wretched. Three or four days ago, however, he became acquainted with an old gentleman who lodges on the same floor with us. He is paralytic, and blind of an eye—very sarcastic and ill-natured; but papa finds him very amusing. I am glad of it for his sake; but, I must confess, the hideous snuffle with which all Mr. Griper's good things are said—for he speaks almost entirely through his nose—becomes excessively annoying. Regularly about twelve o'clock every day, we hear the creaking of the little wheeled chair, which he never leaves, coming along the passage, then a tap at our door, and here he sits with us all day. If we go for a walk, nothing will please old Griper but to have his chair wheeled up and down the street close beside us; so that from morning till evening we are never without the company of papa's new friend. He is one of that sort of persons one is always sure to meet with at watering-places. There is no person we know anything of in any part of England with whom he is not acquainted. Papa calls him his peerage, almanac, and army-list, all in one. He is even acquainted with our neighbour, old Mr. Dobbs; and shook his head greatly when papa asked him if he knew anything of Harry Travers. Ill-natured, ridiculous old man, I can scarcely endure him. He even talks disparagingly of my amiable Charlotte, and told us in strict confidence, that old Dobbs had hinted to him that he had a plot to unite the Glemsworth property to his own, by getting young Wyville to marry his niece!

You ought to have seen what a rage my father was in at this information. He called him a cozening old Jew, and fifty other epithets worse than these, and said, he would go down and put a stop to the whole plot, by disinheriting my brother, if he ever said another word to my charming Charlotte. Another word, thought I. So they *are* acquainted. How very odd, that Tom should never have written to tell me so. Isn't this old Mr. Griper the most provoking creature that we could possibly have met with? But the most puzzling circumstance of all is, how the fact of my brother's marrying Charlotte can, by any possibility, unite the two properties. The old man is not surely so mad as to make the girl his heir. Ridiculous thought! And if I could fancy for a moment that she entered into so unprincipled and infamous a scheme, "Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings"—But no! The thing is impossible, and the whole story is only another ill-natured invention of this detestable old slanderer, Mr. Griper. He seems to have no pleasure equal to the delight of teazing and opposing me. Papa and I went a few days ago to a pilgrimage to the shrine of Shakspeare. We drove through a most enchanting country, full of rich views and splendid mansions, and arrived at last at the birth-place of the Bard of Avon. The enthusiasm of the moment was enchanting. My temporary freedom from the cynical remarks of Mr. Griper added, if that were possible, to the raptures of my enjoyment in treading the same street, viewing the same scenes, and breathing the same air as the immortal poet. But my father's apathy was scarcely less provoking than would have been the sneers of his new acquaintance. To all my rhapsodies on the genius, the pathos, the tenderness, the magnificence of the glorious being, he only answered,—"Ah! cleverish chap, no doubt. Elliston was capital in Falstaff." The idea of that fat brutal old man being the only one of all the creations of the enchanter that comes to my father's mind, while standing on the very grave of the imaginer of Constance, of Macbeth, of Hamlet, and of Romeo! 'Tis horrible!—most horrible! But our old coachman, Giles, was a thousand times worse, and made me blush for my country, to think that one human being—one Englishman, of whatever grade in society—should be so profoundly ignorant of the very name of the greatest miracle that ever this country produced. He turned to the person who showed us the tomb, and said,—"And, pray, can you tell us where this [illegible]

"Mayor, mayhap, or topping tradesman? We ha' a many finer moniments in Glemsworth church. We ha' one to old Bill Figgins the grocer, with a statue twice as big as this. But then Bill Figgins was mortal rich. Was this here Mr. Shakspur a rich gentleman?"

"He was very poor when he begun the world."

"Ah! so was *Bill Figgins*," said Giles.

"He was accused of stealing deer out of a gentleman's park."

"He was?—Then I wouldn't give Bill Figgins's moniment for a score of his'n—for Bill was always honest."

"He then went to London, and, they say, held gentleman's horses at the doors of the theatre."

"What! and slipt out their handkerchiefs, mayhap, or their pocket-books, as they walked past?—One of the light-fingered gentry—eh?"

My father stood by, and enjoyed this conversation very much. The whole scene was profanation to me, so I left them, and wandered in that beautiful church-yard. In silence, and with my heart full of a vast variety of emotions, I lay in a corner of the carriage as we went home, where, as usual, we were received in our own apartment by the odious Mr. Griper.

"I hope you've enjoyed your trip to the birth-place of old Billy the deer-stealer?" he snuffled.

"Ah! very nice place indeed," replied papa;—"the town seems most admirably supplied with coals—I wish to heaven we had such a canal near Glemsworth."

"And you, miss, have you picked up any more information about the life and manners of the play-wright?"

I took no notice of his impertinent question.

"He's a pretty subject, truly," he continued, with his insufferable whine, "to be the object of a young lady's idolatry!—A robber in his youth—a vagabond in his manhood—a tippling, poesy, beer-drinking rascal in his old age—a sulky neighbour—a cruel master, an unkind husband"———

"Was he all that?" said my father. "Prove this, Mr. Griper, and I'll burn every volume the scoundrel wrote, the moment I get back to Glemsworth."

"Why, it can't exactly be proved," replied Mr. Griper, "because, unfortunately, at that time there was no brother poet to give us *memoires* of his friend; but I think we may fairly guess that he was all I have said. For my own part, I have no doubt, in spite of the frowns I see gathering on Miss Emily's brow, that he was a hard-hearted, selfish, sulky old rascal; and it is only a great pity Sir Thomas Lucy didn't tuck him up on one of the trees in his park."

"What sort of a looking fellow was he?" said papa, evidently believing all the scurrilous old man's assertions.

"Why, a little, ugly, bandylegged fellow—fat and punchy as an alderman—with two great goggle eyes, and a red fiery nose, from breakfasting on onions and raw gin."

I could endure this blasphemy no longer, and flaunted out of the room, but not before I heard the low snuffling chuckle of my tormentor, and the broad, open, hearty laugh of papa—I'm sure I never longed so fervently for anything as for the departure—(I don't exactly mean the death)—of this provoking old Griper. I have kept a journal of all our trips to the different places in this neighbourhood—to Warwick Castle, where my heart swells with the triumphs of a tournament or a feast of peacocks,—to Kenilworth, vocal with the pomps and pageantries of the noble Elizabeth, and consecrated no less in the memory of the tender and the pure, by the agonies and sighs of the lovely Amy Robsart,—to Stonelegh Abbey, fit only for the residence of a poet, the lover of the good and beautiful,—but as I shall send my journal to you, my dearest aunt Peggy, the moment it is completed, I will spare you an abstract of it in the mean time.—You will see how anxiously during all this letter I have turned my thoughts away from home. Alas! if I only mention the word, papa looks so black, and Mr. Griper gazes at me with his one eye with such an expression of slyness and derision, that I am afraid to open my lips upon the subject. Writing to you is the greatest consolation I have. Pity your poor niece, and believe me, ever affectionately, your

Emily Wyville.

6.—Mr. Giles Gubbins to Mrs. Bartlett, Housekeeper Glemsworth.

Dear Sal, 'cording to promuss, I sit down to right you with mutch pleasure. Our dooins here has been but so, so. About ten days ago there comed a cripple gentleman to live in the next sweet rooms, as they calls 'um here, to our master and young missus. He is a rum 'un surely. But master takes to 'im greatly; and, what's more, thoff he has only one eye, and never no legs, I'm considerable mistaken if he don't take a'ter Miss Emily. He be continually axin' questions about her whenever he meets me in the passage, as he goes whirring along in his sedan. I'll keep watch over the old varmint, so if Master Harry calls, tell him we are all in good health and well to do. I wish we was all back at Glemsworth. I can't think what put it in master's head to come here gallivantin' among a set of people as sits in little arm chairs, runnin' on wheels, and calls 'emselves anvyleeds. They are quer people them anvyleeds surely, but we doesn't know none on 'em except this here old gentleman Mr. Griper, as I told you on so axin' so much about our young missus. Tell Master Harry we are all right and no mistake. 'Cordin' to promuss, I will now tell you all as we have seen; but as my memory is very bad, and I never took notes at the time, I perhaps confuses them a bit. We have seed Warwick Castle, and Landleworth Castle, Stafford on Haven, and Stonelegh Habby; but my mind is so worried with the lot on 'em, that I can't recollect which on 'em I seed first. Howsomever, in Warwick Castle we seed a number of things. But the most wonderfullest thing of all was a huge porridge pot, equal to our hundred gallon boiler, as belonged to a wicked fellow in these parts called Shakespur. He stole a horse, and then had something to do with holding deer at the doors of a theatre. Howsomever, there the pot is, sure enough. There was also a great head of some enormous beast called an ell-ef-want; and the fat gentleman as showed us the curiosities, said something about a man of the name of Seesar—I always thought that was the name of a dog—as built a tower here, so I suppose he was a toppin' mason in this here country. Then there was a rumation—no, that was at Candleworth—a statue of a man not half the size of Master Figgins's in our church at home—no, I think that wor at Stafford on Haven. But the place I remembers best about was Stonelegh Habby. You never seed sich a beautiful place in your born days; Scarlock Hall is nothin' to it. The gentleman as lives here was a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth; she came down for to see him, and every body thought she was a goin' to marry him; but here was the devil to pay, for he was married already to a very beautiful young lady, one Miss Hamy. Well, what does he do, but, like a bloody-minded villain, murder she; and a'ter all, the Queen, God bless her, would have nothin' to say to him. Now, between you and I, Sal, I don't think this here Reform bill is of any kind of use whatsomever, if a man be at liberty to murder his wife without impunity, as a body may say. But here, this here gentlemen is still livin' and from all I can see, as much liked and respected as if he was as innocent as a babe. Oh! Sal, the sin of this here world is prodigious. But whether this happened at the Habby or Candleworth Castle, I am not very sure; but it isn't of no grit consequence, so as it happened somewhere. After this account of our travels, you'll see as I have been a storing my mind with useful and entertainin nolledge, like the little books as lies in your room. There's nothin like travellin for openin one's mind,—or his eyes either, for the matter of that, I've seed a sight of things sin I left hoam. The horses, to be sure, is very fine; and master's cob—young Harry—is the hadmiration of all the fat old gentlemen in the town. They are always axing me if it is to be sold; but master wouldn't part with it for its weight in ginnies; so tell master Harry we are all right, and never to be downhearted about nothin' for it will all come round in time. I wish we was all back hoam again, for they puts too little hops in their beer, thoff the porter I must confess is partickilar. O, Sally, I hasn't had a bit of a junket-like since I left the old mannor. The bar-maids in them parts is uncommon high; and besides, for the matter of that, I never could see no use in a parlour, with one whole side of the room and one-half of the door-way, made of glass,—a pretty joke it would be if there was a glass door to your room at Glemsworth, where you and I and the butler has all been so snugg. I really wishes we was all back again, for I feels in this outlandish place just like one of the babes in the wood. Master would be as tired of it as I am, if it wasn't all along of this cripple gentleman, as takes to him amazin; so no more at present, but remains your fellow servant,

Giles Gubbins.

P. S. Tell Jim Fyler to be careful in givin the bay mare a canter every mornin. Young missus will ride her again before long.

7.—Miss Emily Wyville to Mrs. Margaret Bethel.

I am sure it is one of the most delightful things in the world to have such a dear, kind, good-natured maiden aunt as I have. What could I do in this banishment from all the places and all the friends that were dear to me, if I had not your sympathizing bosom, dear aunt Peggy, on which to repose my sorrows? My situation here grows more and more distressing every day. This wicked old man, Mr. Griper, does all he can to make me wretched; and he has now got so completely the mastery of papa, that he follows his advice in everything. He has pressed him to Glemsworth for the whole of this autumn, and (horrible to relate!) the invitation is accepted. Indeed, I overheard him promising to papa to make himself useful in keeping me out of the clutches of that dangerous young man, Harry Travers. Did you ever hear of anything so indelicate? I only wish Harry had heard him—But no! I wouldn't for all the world have Mr. Travers know of their suspicions. It is really too bad to be twitted in this way, as if I had become secretly engaged to poor Harry, when I assure you there is no ground for it. It may perhaps strike you as very odd, that Harry never even hinted at anything of that kind to me. I must say it appears rather extraordinary to me, especially as I know from the dear open-hearted Charlotte, that he doesn't consider me [illegible] I had written thus far, when I was summoned to the drawing-room, and there I found papa and Mr. Griper in deep divan. Papa held a letter in his hand, and paced upon and down the room in a state of excitement. "The old rascal," he said, "that old scoundrel Dobbs will succeed, I verily believe, in both the things he has threatened me with. Young Travers gone off about ten days ago into Devonshire; and my boy Tom fallen evidently over head and ears in love with that minx, Miss Charlotte!"

"O, delightful!" I cried.

"Hold your tongue, miss," replied papa, in a towering passion: "If he has made such a fool of himself, he shall suffer for it, I can tell ye."

"And quite right too," snuffled old Griper. "She must be a very designing sort of vixen, this friend of Miss Emily's; and as to the young man Travers having gone into Devonshire, I don't believe a word of it."

"How? where do you think he's gone then?" said papa.

"Why, here to be sure. I have no doubt he is lurking about in this very town—perhaps in this very house," replied Griper looking impudently at me.

"I wouldn't advise him to let me catch him here—that's all. But what, in Heaven's name, is to be done? Old Dobbs shall not triumph over me, if I can help it. Tell me, my dear Griper, what I ought to do?"

"Why, your object, as I understand you," answered Mr. Griper, "is to prevent Harry Travers from running away with your daughter. There is no use keeping the matter a secret now. Old Dobbs crowed over you, and boasted that Travers would do so within a month, without asking your consent, and without his agreeing to settle a shilling on his nephew."

"Yes, that's what the old rascal said. But, egad! I think we'll beat him; for three weeks are past already, and it will be an extraordinary matter if we can't keep him at arm's length, at all events, for seven days longer."

"But there's another thing," continued Mr. Griper, "that you have to guard against; and that is—that old Dobbs and the girl together don't hook in your son to a marriage without any settlement,—so that the old fellow will do you on both points, and have both niece and nephew provided for without coming down with a single shilling."

"The skinflint old Jew! It isn't so much that, as the triumph it will be to him: there will be no end of his cursed 'ugg, ugg!' But how can I prevent it?"

"Your only plan, my dear Wyville, is this: You have a friend in Devonshire near the place they say young Travers is gone to?"

"Yes, old Fred. Walsond."

"Well, write to him. He will easily ascertain whether or not he is really there. Go you, in the mean time, for two days to Glemsworth, and settle matters as you best can with Master Tom and Miss Charlotte. Leave charge of this young lady to me: I'll keep guard over her as if she were a golden apple; and"———

"Capital! the very thing!" exclaimed my father, shaking his friend's hand. "What could I have done without you? Emily," he continued, turning to me, "I put you entirely in the charge of my friend Mr. Griper. See no one else but the landlady and your maid till I return. You have your books and music, and Mr. Griper will pass the morning with you. I shall be back in three days, and hope to hear good accounts of you when I return."

"I am sorry, Sir," I said, "you have not paid me the compliment of reposing confidence in my own sense of propriety, but put me under care of a person whose company is at all times disagreeable, and still more so, when he is mean enough to take on himself the character of a spy." I glided majestically out of the room as I said this, but not before I heard papa say, "Never mind what she says, Griper; we'll keep her out of old Dobbs's hands at any rate." So here, dearest aunt Peggy, am I kept a prisoner, and without even the miserable consolation of having done anything worthy of such restraint, and under the guard, too, of that detestable old man. I can't write another word.—So, adieu, dear aunt, your disconsolate niece,

Emily.

8.—George Wyville Esq. to the Rev. Fred. Walsond.

Never can any man, my dear Fred, know what it is to be thoroughly miserable till he is plagued with marriageable daughters and flirting sons. I told you in my letter from this place, that I had set Tom to keep watch over young Travers and his sister. What the deuce do you think they have done? Why, blinded him, and, I verily believe, worked him into a marriage. You will say, why not? I will tell you. Old Dobbs, the girl's uncle, is a queer, disagreeable, purse-proud, old fellow, and put me into a rage with him last time I saw him. I went over to speak to him about his nephew, who had been throwing sheep's eyes, as the saying is, at my Emily. He laughed and sneered, till I lost all patience and told me, that if his nephew chose, he would run away with my girl in a month,—but he first of all said he would condescend to agree to the match, if I settled my whole estate on the bride! Did you ever hear of such a rascal? And now what do you think his plan is? Why, to get my son to run away with his unportioned niece, in hopes, as my good friend, Mr. Griper suggests, to put me into a passion with the boy, disinherit him, and settle all upon Miss Emily, who will by this time have been snapt up by young Travers, without so much as saying to me, by your leave. Here's a plot! I would submit to a great deal if I could only spite the old man. But how to do it is the question. One way certainly is, to keep my girl out of young Travers's reach: and at the same time to resist my boy's marriage with his niece till I have returned him tit for tat for the insult he offered to me, by promising to consent to the match, provided he settles every acre of Scarlock Hall upon the bride. This will be capital revenge, and I sincerely hope the old rogue's indignation will choke him. All these plans have been put into my head by the pleasantest old fellow I ever met with. He is a prodigious victim to rheumatism, and is blind of an eye, over which he wears an enormous black patch. He lives constantly in one of those whirligig sort of chairs they have here, and has been of great use to me. He recommends my going to Glemsworth to put my revenge on old Dobbs in execution; and he has promised, in the mean time, to be as watchful as a dragon over Miss Emily. So much for her. She is pretty safe, I conclude, for though the fellow has only one eye, by Jove, he is as clever as the old chap we used to read of that had a hundred. What I want you to do, is to ascertain for me immediately, whether Harry Travers, as I hear by a letter from home, has gone on a visit to your neighbourhood—to the house of a gentleman of the name of Sir Peregrine Potts, near Hartley. If so, the game is our own. But old Griper suspects that his Devonshire visit is a hoax, and that in reality he is on the watch in Leamington. Lose no time in letting me know.—What could I have done without such an assistant as Griper! He is coming to me this autumn. You must make an effort to come and meet him. I am sure you will like him, he is so confoundedly satirical and sharp. But the chaise is at the door, and I must be off.—Yours ever sincerely,

G. W.

9.—Miss Emily Wyville to Mrs. Margaret Bethel.

Oh, dear aunt Peggy, how you will be surprised at what I am going to tell you! Scarcely had papa been gone half an hour, when a message came to me in my bed-room, that a person requested to speak with me in the parlour. I went, and saw a very elegant, handsome young man; and as I was hurrying out of the room again, thinking it was some unaccountable mistake, he rushed forward, calling me "Emily, sister Emily," and when I looked again, I found it was my ever kind and affectionate brother! Was ever any thing so curious! It took a weight off my heart at once. I told him all the incidents of our stay here. He laughed immoderately at them all; and when I described my horror and detestation of the grim old gorgon who was set to watch me, his enjoyment of the joke, as he called it, became uncontrollable. I confess I felt greatly alarmed, in spite of Tom's presence and protection, when at this moment I heard the chair of the watchful Mr. Griper creak, creaking along the passage. At last the door opened, and in, as usual, wheeled my tormentor.

"So! Miss Emily," he snuffled, "who's this?—You've lost no time, I see.—Is this Mr. Travers come to disobey your father's injunctions already?"

My brother during all this address was nearly convulsed with laughter.—"Yes," he replied, "old gentleman—my name is Harry Travers, and I claim this young lady as my bride—What just cause or impediment can you advance to the country?"

"Only this," growled the invalid, "that I've a witness here who can swear that you are not the real Simon Pure.—Come into court!"—and as he said, the door was pushed open, and Charlotte Travers rushed into my arms.

Whilst we were mutually embracing, and I wondering by what strange accident all this had come to [illegible]

10.—George Wyville, Esq. to the Rev. Frederick Walsond.

[illegible]

"Ugg, ugg!—this is too much of a joke, neighbour Wyville. Your coming to crow over me is most insulting, ugg, ugg!"

"To crow over you? what the devil do you mean, sir? Hasn't your niece run off with my son? Don't you expect, by that trick of yours, to get me to give my whole estate to my daughter, who is to be whipped up immediately by your precious nephew? No, no, old gentleman, your plot's discovered;—thanks to your friend and mine, Mr. Griper."

"Mr. Griper? Ugg, ugg!—I know no such person, ugg!"

"*He* knows you though, and that's quite enough for me. You shan't succeed, I promise you."

"Ugg, ugg! I don't understand what you're driving at. You tell me your son has run off with my niece. Let her go,—ugg, ugg!—I am ready to give up her fortune whenever her husband demands it, ugg, ugg!"

"Her fortune?" said I. "Why, I never heard a word of it."

"Ugg, ugg!—very likely;—ugg, ugg! If she had only told me of her intention I would have made a better bargain for her, that's all. But you and your son have beat me,—ugg, ugg!"

This was a perfect puzzle to me—"Do you mean, Mr. Dobbs," I said, "to deny that you have hooked my boy into this match?"

"Hooked—ugg, ugg!—into a match, with twenty thousand pounds, and no settlement? ugg, ugg!"

"Pray, Mr. Dobbs, are you acquainted with a very infirm old gentleman of the name of Griper?"

"Never heard of him,—ugg!—who is he?"

"Why, he has staid in the same house with me at Leamington for a fortnight. He said he knew you very well. I have left him in charge with Emily."

"Whew!" said Mr. Dobbs, "say you so, Mr. Wyville? You have conquered on one wing; see if I don't beat you on the other."

The old gentleman rang for his carriage, put four posters to it, offered me a seat, and off we set on our way to Leamington, moping and wondering, one in each corner of the carriage. Next day we thundered down the main street; and, on looking up, who should be gazing at us from the window of my own drawing-room but Master Tom and Miss Charlotte Travers.

I couldn't find it in my heart to be angry, more especially as I saw how vexed old Dobbs was. We hurried up stairs.

"Ah! Tom, you're a pretty fellow," I began; "playing such a trick; and as for you, Miss Charlotte"———

"Oh!" interrupted Tom, "let me introduce you, Mrs. Wyville!"———

"What married? ugg, ugg, and not a word about settlements?" said Mr. Dobbs.

"Even so," replied young Hopeful. "Don't you think I've done exactly as you told me, Father?"

"How?" said I.

"Why, spited the old gentleman—look at him."

"But where is my friend Mr. Griper, all this time?" said I.

"Oh!" replied Tom, "old Griper will be here directly;" and at that moment in wheeled the old invalid in his chair.

"How's this, Mr. Griper?" I cried—"where's your word? This is your friend, Mr. Dobbs; you don't seem to recognise him."

"Ugg, ugg! never saw the gentleman in the whole course of my life."

"Don't say so," replied Mr. Griper, snuffling even more than usual. "Did'nt you boast to my friend, Mr. Wyville here, that your nephew, young Travers, would marry his daughter within a month?"

"I did—ugg, ugg!"

"Without a settlement?"

"Yes."

"To spite her father?"

"Yes."

"Then, dear uncle!" cried Mr. Griper, jumping out of his chair, and throwing off his disguise—"'tis done to your hearts's desire—and here comes Mrs. Henry Travers to answer for herself."

The laugh was now turned against me; and old Dobbs, after enjoying his triumph for a while, held out his hand to me, and said, "Ugg, ugg? couple old fools, neighbour Wyville; least said soonest mended; let us all home again as soon as we can, and since we can't make our children wretched merely for the fun of tormenting one another, why, I say,—ugg, ugg—let us make them as happy as we can.

Now, Fred, be a good boy; leave Hartley for a week or two, and join us during our rejoicings. Bring my god-daughter Jane with you; and believe me yours, very sincerely,

George Wyville.

We should never disquiet any body, if we have the misfortune to cause vexation, we ought to make all necessary advances and submission to take away the remembrance of it.

Single Copies of the S. E. Post,
TO BE LEFT FOR SALE, AT
McMahon's N. Orleans Exchange, 111 R. Third st.
Snyder's Bookstore, Second, above Pine street.
Morgan's do. 17 Bank Third street.
Carlisle's do. 72 Race street.
Carlisle's do. 39 corner Sixth and Market street.
Mrs. McW Gault's Variety Store, 83 N. Fifth street.
Mrs. Bersch's Grocery, corner Front and Jackson st.

Saturday Evening Post.

JUNE 4, 1836.

"To avoid these evils, it appears to me that the most safe, just, and federal disposition which can be made of the Surplus Revenue, would be its appropriation among the several States, according to the ratio of representation." (President Jackson's Message to Congress, 1829.)

OUR OWN AFFAIRS.

Our friends and patrons will find in the last columns of the third page, a notice of the contemplated arrangement and improvement of the Saturday Evening Post—We trust that before the course of next month we shall have fully completed our arrangements, when we shall inform our readers at large upon our intentions.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"Ode on the deliverance of Texas," by "Virginius" shall appear next week. It is a soul stirring production, (rough) with the most essential properties of poetry—classical in its tone, and nearly harmonious in its measure and arrangement. Why has our gifted correspondent adopted a signature above the reach of humble merit?

We owe an apology to "E. H. W." for the errors that occurred in the Elegiac Stanzas published in our paper of last week—by some mismanagement, the name of the lady whose decease they were commemorated, was inserted "Sarah M. S." whereas it should have been "Maria M. Wood," and the name "Maria" was erroneously substituted for "E. H. W."

"Ino," the author of their weighty and circumspicuous, but his style is good, and we will insert his verses accordingly.

"Hours of Idleness" No. 3 is received, and will be inserted at an early day.

To the enemy, whether we will publish an expose of the character of a certain notorious individual, is a matter of no; such publication is rarely made in the spirit of good feeling, and seeing from whence its impure fountain flows, rather than benefit the community. There is generally too much feeling natural up with truth in these details, to warrant their insertion in a respectable print.

"Decline" is undismissable.

THEATRICAL.

The inclemency of the weather for the last eight or nine days, has prevented the play going portion of the community, from attending the scenes of the two great stars of the rival houses Booth and Ballo—both leaders in their line of characters.

At the Arch street establishment, Balls has been playing to thin houses, but with the same happy exercise of his inimitable comic powers, he should, he was performing to a crowded audience. Scott will shortly commence an engagement at this house, and the managers have stated their intention to bring out several dramas of interest to bring his way. Hill has been dealing out some of his Yankeeisms to the patrons of this theatre. He sails for England in a few days.

At the American Theatre, Walnut street, Booth is delighting his audiences with a display of the extraordinary powers which have raised him so much in the estimation of all good judges of the legitimate drama. His health which was for some time on the decline as we are sorry to say proved as to enable him to develope himself fully, and we are informed that his representation of the character of Pescara in the play of that name, on Thursday night, was equal to the best efforts of his palmiest days. Conner and Miss Waring, also engage most powerfully in the skill and energy with which they performed their parts in the same. They are rapidly advancing.

The Actress of Padua, taken from Richard P. Smith's tale, is in active preparation.

The Woods embark for England shortly. Mrs. Conduit's benefit in N. Y. was a perfect jam.

Appointment by the Governor.

Jarvis Webster, Coroner, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of John Read, had the pleasure to announce to the public, that Mr. Webster resides "I had sir, that fifth Arch street, immediately opposite Branch street.

Coroner's Inquests.—We learn from the Coroner that an inquest was held on Sunday evening, at the corner of Seventh and Lombard streets, on the body of a white woman, aged twenty-one years, who was supposed to have poisoned herself. The jury being unable to decide upon the testimony, the case was postponed until the next morning, when Drs. W. J. Dudley and Corsons proceeded to examine the body. The stomach was taken out, and on examination analyzed, when it was ascertained that the wretched woman had taken a quantity of the white oxyde of arsenic. Verdict accordingly.

On the Coroner examined, the Coroner was called upon to examine the body of James Bryan, aged about forty-nine. On the inquest of inquiry, it was ascertained that he had sometime since cut his throat, but recovered had been arrested, and on Sunday, while in the Hospital he put an end to his existence by taking the surphuie of morphine.

LEGISLATURE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The house has been mostly occupied for the last week discussing the bill to locate a local road in Armstrong county, in portant to Philadelphians, we observe that the act to increase the capital stock of the Farmers & Mechanics Bank of this city was brought up for consideration, and after some debate, referred to Committee of the Whole. It is expected the committee will report favorably, provision is at engrafted on the bill requiring the bank to pay a bonus for the advantages to be derived from the issue of five dollar notes.—The House have also had before them a resolution relative to the proposed exchange of a railroad from the base of Laurel Hill at or near Laughlintown, in Westmoreland county, in the city of Pittsburg, which was amended and agreed to. And a resolution relative to the carrying and sale of spirituous liquors for evening of stock of the company for making a link in navigation on the Monongahela. It was also considered and agreed to.

The House have had under consideration the Judiciary system, has submitted a report on the subject of Absalom Bentzoin and publications.—The news laid down are presented at considerable rate.

The Senate have passed an act relative to domestic attachments—an act relating to mechanics lien on buildings—and an act relating to arbitrators.

We learn from the New York papers of Wednesday, that the compactey trial which has occupied the Court of Oyer and Terminer for several days, was brought to a close on Tuesday. The following we find in the Transcript.

Last evening, the jury empanneled in the prosecution instituted against the twenty Journeymen Tailors, charged with illegally conspiring with each other against certain employing or "masters," tailors of this city, were, after the speech of the counsel for the defendants, charged by Judge Edwards, severally found GUILTY.

Messrs. Western and Whiting, counsel for the defence, each addressed the Jury in speeches that "occupied several hours, and produced considerable effect among the large audience assembled to hear the decision of the Jury. They were followed by Robert H. Morris, Esq. and Mr. Hoffman, for the prosecution. The former gentleman delivered an address that, for its ability as an impressive, and forcible forensic appeal, will do him immortal honor.

Judge Edwards charged the jury, in very strong terms, decided to against *Fraley Unsone*, stigmatising them as illegal conclusions; and of presumed to "reign supreme," subversive of the established laws of the land.

His was very brief in his charge, and dwelt particularly upon the "legality and justice" of Judge Savage's decision in relation to Fraleu boycotting and combinations.

The judgment of the Court, it is most probable from the recommendation of the jury, will not amount to more than a fine of six cents against each of the defendants.

DISGRACEFUL RIOT AT NEW YORK.

The annexed particulars of the riot, and the causes that led to it, may be depended on as perfectly correct. It appears that Mrs. Conduit had been promised by Simpson, the Manager of the Park, a benefit, which was to have taken place on Wednesday evening, the 25th ult. The Woods at this time were fulfilling an engagement, and Mrs. Wood was also to have a benefit on the evening previous to the one set apart for Mrs. Conduit.

When it was ascertained by Mrs. C. that her benefit was to take place in the middle of an engagement of the Woods, it was of course folly to expect that it would prove of any value unless they assisted. A note perfectly respectful in its language, was accordingly addressed by Mrs. Conduit to Mr. Wood, begging to know if he was willing to play at Mrs. C.'s benefit upon his own terms. Not deeming it as a right, or requesting him to perform for nothing, as a favour, he has been stated by some of the dailies. This was a misplacation, which Mr. Conduit had a perfect right to make, inasmuch as the Woods had promised him at the benefits of other actors, was treated with great contempt. Several days passed without an if, and after waiting for some time, Mr. Conduit was compelled to wait upon Mr. Wood at his residence, when he was informed that no arrangement could be made upon any terms.

This was of course compelled to proceed without any extra attraction. On Wednesday, preceding the evening appointed for her benefit, Mrs. C. announced to the manager that she had chosen Guy Mannering for the occasion. The cast was drawn out for this piece, and was posted up in the green room, as customary, and was announced in the following day. What Mr. Wood pretend to say that he knew nothing of this? On Friday evening Mr. Simpson informed Mrs. C. that what piece he would choose for Mrs. Wood's benefit. He replied—Guy Mannering. The manager informed him that Mrs. Conduit had already chosen it for her benefit, on which Mr. Wood made no reply at the time, as he was called off. How strongly he insisted upon it afterwards, or how much opposition the manager offered to this injustifiable interference with Mrs. Conduit's arrangements, is not known. The farce announced was Catherine and Petruchio. The cast was taken down. Mrs. Conduit was also to have played Lydia in the latter piece, and the Woods were announced for Mrs. C.'s benefit on the bill of their respective nights. It was certainly a strange error of judgment in Mr. Wood to choose Guy Mannering for his wife's benefit, if he had no other reason than its attraction.

Mrs. Conduit's benefit was announced for Wednesday evening. On the the same evening the Woods were to concert at the Park Theatre. Mr. Simpson says that arrangements were made for this concert, to his certain knowledge, at least one month before. It may be so, and if so Mr. Simpson is much to blame for appearing on evening for Mrs. Conduit's benefit, when he knew that Mrs. Wood's benefit would be given the evening before, and that attractive concert would be given on the same evening, and that Mrs. Woods would play Lydia after.

On Tuesday morning last, the Courier and Enquirer contained a paragraph stating the *facts* respecting the change of pieces, and the concert at the City Hotel, on the part of Mrs. Wood, and in her professional duties through a most inclement winter, all her prospects of making up for the loss of her benefit, owing to her salary for the support of her family were utterly destroyed. In consequence of this statement, when Mr. Wood made his appearance in the evening upon the stage he was received with hisses. He came forward and stated that the assertions of the Courier were misunderstood, and that it was not true. He was then allowed to go on with the play.

On Thursday the Courier came out with an article in reply to Mr. Wood's assertions in which it was concluded that the first statement was true in every particular. When Mr. Wood made his appearance in the evening he was received with the strongest marks of disapprobation. Groans, groans, shouts, of, off the stage, prevented him from being heard for some time. He came forward and attempted to explain, in which he stated that he had called upon the editor of the Courier, in relation to the last paragraph, who assured him that he would investigate the matter, and if his theatrical remarks were found to conclude, he would correct it. "What then was my surprise," said Mr. Wood, "to find in this morning's paper a retraction, in stronger terms, of the same statement. I have called upon the editor this morning, and he has refused to do *nor neither will he give me the satisfaction of a gentleman.*" Then, boldly intimating to an audience of two thousand persons, that he has had the impudence to violate the law of the land and challenge an editor for the statement of what appears to be the truth.

The Courier concluded by stating that she bore no enmity or ill-will towards the Woods, and offered them her hand. Mr. Wood accepted it at once with readiness; but Mrs. Wood, for some time refused, until persuaded to do so by Simpson, in some slight manifestations of displeasure from the audience.

A gentleman in the pit made some observation, when Wood insolently, and in a swaggering manner, called to him and said, "Did you say, sir? Speak out—don't be afraid." The gentlemen replied that he did not. Mrs. Conduit had been treated with great injustice, and that was all he said. Mr. Wood then was followed by applause, hisses, groans, cries of "turn him out," &c.

Mr. Simpson came forward and spoke in explanation and extenuation of Mr. Wood's conduct, but without effect. The uproar was increased with, although Wood was unable to speak or be heard. Mrs. Wood was hurried to with the greatest attention.

Mr. Wood resolved to try his popularity before an audience on Saturday night. A card containing article appeared in the Courier of Friday morning upon the public to go to the theatre and give him the trial he demanded. The editor of the Courier maintained, equally so, that these persons who disapproved of Mr. Wood's conduct, had as much right to express such as those who were in his favour. In consequence of all these matters and doings, of which we have spoken, the public excitement of Friday arose to the highest possible pitch. The avenues to the theatre were crowded at an early hour. We made out by dint of hard labour, to effect an entrance, and secured a seat in the front row. In a few minutes after, the house was crowding in a style perfectly unprecedented in the annals of the Park. Never before did we see such an imposing display of human faces. The pit, boxes, and gallery, shouting, yelling, whistling, cheering of human flesh. As a spectacle, it was magnificent, it was terrific. A portion of the audience amused themselves by making all imaginable noises, others by yelling, whistling, cheering, and hissing. Mr. Wood, cheers for Mrs. Wood, &c. Not a female was to be seen. Amidst shouts for Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia, Jim Crow, and other classical airs, the performance commenced with the overture to Fra Diavolo, to which the audience paid not the slightest attention. The house was filled with the opening of the drop curtain. When Mrs. Wood appeared, the audience rose en-masse. Hats, handkerchiefs, and umbrellas were raised, while the very walls appeared to tremble with the acclamations. It was for a few moments much encouraged by those tokens of respect from the turnultuous audience, but when her husband appeared, the scene was changed; a few hats still waved, but an immense majority satisfied their sweet voices in cries of "turn him off," groans, hisses, &c. Just before Wood made his appearance, when Mr. Wood was on the stage, the doors of the theatre were forced by the crowd without, and notwithstanding the house was as full as it could hold, several hundred more effected an entrance. A ran did Wood low and place his hand upon his breast, he could not obtain a hearing. After standing some time very firmly, two large pieces of wood were torn from the top of the benches and thrown on the stage from the pit. A rush was then made from the pit and stage boxes over the orchestra and on to the stage. Mr. Wood then made a start for the cain was lowered. A large number of persons were now upon the stage. The cain was lowered, and announced that the play would be resumed, but the crowd of Mayrad [illegible] still stinted in its place. It was with the greatest difficulty that a word could be understood. The curtain was again raised and the play commenced, but it was all dumb show. The manager made several efforts to be heard, but he was assailed with the cries of "Simpson," "turn him off," and at length a most perfect row appeared in the midst of the crowd upon the stage, our worthy manager made his exit. Mrs. Conduit was received with the greatest applause he could not proceed on obtaining a hearing.

Repeated calls were made for a song from the mayor, a song from alderman Benson. Recharge was at length enabled to make himself heard. To the demands of the audience he promised, in the name of the manager, that Mrs. Conduit should have a *free benefit* on Tuesday night, the play to be Guy Mannering, and that Wood should not appear again upon the boards of the Park. This announcement was received with the most tremendous shouts of applause. Recharge was then called upon for a song, upon condition that the audience would retire when it was finished. He sang his song, assisted by the whole house, who kept their promise and immediately retired.

But little damage was done to the house. The drop curtain was slightly torn a few inches deep, and some injury done to the doors of the dress circle. That more damage was not done, may be attributed in a great measure to the moderation of the police. Had they attempted to interfere in any way the building would probably have been destroyed.

This ended this most extraordinary affair, unequalled since the days of the elder Kean, which opens in the strongest light the fickle and excitability of the New York public, and the commanding influence of the press.

HAIR CUTTING.

Mr. Moore on Washington street, is the prince of Hair Cutters. A writer in one of the Boston papers, who has been in this city taking notes, speaks in raptures of Mr. Moore's genius and style in the art of Cutting Hair, and now that he is so much celebrated abroad, it is no more than an act of justice that we should applaud at home. The establishment of our city, however, do not require a word of recommendation from us; Mr. Moore is too firmly established in their good graces to require such—he is in every way deserving of patronage.

From the Columbus (Geo.) Enquirer, May 20.

DESTRUCTION OF ROANOKE.

On Sunday morning last, at about daylight, and after the negroes who had been placed round the town had gone in, the citizens were aroused from their slumbers, by the discharge of rifles and yellings of savages. There were 70 or 80 persons in the town, a small guard and company of infantry under Capt. Horne, all of whom immediately turned out, and were soon rushed for the streets in the direction of the alarm. The Indians had placed a guard of 40 in and around the town, at night at every door in the village, who of course made a simultaneous attack upon the citizens as they left their houses. Their fire was returned with as much spirit and effect as the circumstances would permit. Capt. Horne succeeded in getting out of his quarters with his men, who had been collected in the rounds with but little effect. By this time, the number of the enemy became overwhelming, and it was deemed prudent to retreat, which they did in disorder, they were pursued by the Indians, who commenced to fire the houses as they left them, returned to the town, plundered all the houses, and then applied the torch.

Some persons who escaped, conveyed the news to Major Irwin's plantation, and waggons and men were despatched to the spot—when they arrived there they found every house in the town except one in flames, and the enemy gone. These men found 7 whites and 5 blacks killed and 1 man wounded, and 10 persons missing. The citizens are very fortunate to have lost themselves in the woods, or to be dislodged as that they could not reach the waggons. Horne succeeded in getting out of his quarters and rallied his men, who pursued them for some rounds with but little effect. By this time, the number of the enemy became overwhelming, and it was deemed prudent to retreat, which they did in disorder, they were pursued by the Indians, who commenced to fire the houses as they left them, returned to the town, plundered all the houses, and then applied the torch.

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HORRIBLE OCCURRENCE!

Mr. Robert Dodge, a farmer residing in Catlain, a short distance from the line of this town, attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat, and then stabbed himself to death. It appears that after the family had retired to rest, and all left the house, except his wife and an idiotic girl, 12 years of age, he attacked the negro boy stove and took it to pieces—next seized the handle of a large fire shovel with a part of the blade attached, forming a complete instrument to effect his fiendish purpose, and attacked his wife, during which time, she sprang from her bed, and skull, one penetrated the brain, he left her as dead and instantly endeavored to beat out his own brains by dashing his head against the jamb of the fire place. Failing in this, he caught hold of a pair of sheep-shears and attempted several times to stab himself in the throat and breast, but also, as the shears merely pierced his dress without entering his body: he then detached a single blade of the shears and by repeated stabs in the abdomen. Mr. Dodge lived about an hour, and his wife was found by the neighbors in a state of insensibility, but it is barely possible that her life may be spared—the girl escaped unharmed. Mr. Dodge was a part of the brain remain mentally imbecile. His whole conduct during the day, for three minutes, and done undoubtedly in a paroxysm of madness. Mr. Dodge had been insane since the fall of 1834, and had been experienced nearly a year previous. Mrs. D. is a most estimable woman, much esteemed by her neighbors.

IMPORTANT DECISION—THREE DAYS' GRACE.

The Newark Daily Advertiser says:—Many banks in this city have stood prepared to allow memorially followed the practice, in discounting notes, of charging interest for *four* days more than the time specified in the face of the instrument. This was done by allowing three days grace, and by counting interest for the days when the note was drawn, and that on which it fell due. In the case of the Bank of Commerce in New York Bank at Trenton, ex. The heirs of Drake, this point was fully argued before one of the Judges—and the Supreme Court decided that the law allows three days grace, and that the days of contracts it entered into. In other words, that it is usury to estimate both the day of date, and that on which the note falls due.

Extraordinary Case of Inhumanity.—The Boston Morning Post of the 25th ult. publishes the following singular, and most extraordinary and outrageous case of inhumanity as having recently occurred at the town of Foxboro, Mass.

On the 3d ult. one of the physicians of the town was informed that a man named Gordon W. Potter was sick in his father's farm-house tasting ism, he found that his disease was the typhus fever, but that he was spending his days his sufferings, the Dr. set off for the overseers of the poor. The Dr. says, that the overseers' statements made for the proper accommodation of the sick man, and made known his business. They consisted of a number of gentlemen in session, and made known his business. They consisted of a number of gentlemen in session, and made known his business. They consisted of a number of gentlemen in session

Philadelphia Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 3,

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by John R. Tuck, 302, publisher of the Reporter, Commercial Chronicle, and Price Current.

ASHES.
Pearl 45 50
Pots 46 50
BITTER
Tub, ... lb. ... 17 19
Extra Ky. No. ... 16
No. 1 ... 15
No. 2 ... 14
COAL.
Lehigh, ton ... 8 50 8 50
Other kind ... do ... 7 50
COFFEE in bond and duty free.
Rio ... 12 14
Laguira ... 12 14
Java ... 13 15
Porto Rico ... 12 13
Cuba ... 12 13
Laguira ... 12 13
Rio ... 12 13
COTTON duty 3 cents.
Louisiana ... 16@ 21
Upland ... 14@ 15
N. Alab. and Tenn. ... 13 14
S. C. and Geo. ... 13 14
N. C. and Va. ... 13 14
DRUGGITS.
Tin Farrington, per canal ... 100 lbs.
Flour and Meal
Superfine ... bbl ... 5 50
Fine ... 4 62 ½
Rye ... 4 62
Hominy ... 4 62
Corn Meal
Penn. in bbls. ... 3 75 3 80
GRAIN.
Rye ... 92 95
Corn, Penn. ... 60 62
Western ... 54 56
Oats ... 34 35
Do. Southern ... 33 34
Corn, C. for whse. ... 77 78
Do. for shipping ... 75 76
Do. U. C. mixed ... 85 86
Oats ... 35 36
Southern ... 34 35
Barley ... 90 95
Beans ... 1 00 1 10
Peas ... 1 00 1 10
HOPS ... 20 22
Penn. 1850, 50s. ... 18
MOLASSES.
New Orleans ... 47 48

ASHES. 45 50. Pearl ... Pots ... 46 50.

BITTER. Tub, ... lb. ... 17 19. Extra Ky. No. ... 16. No. 1 ... 15. No. 2 ... 14.

COAL. Lehigh, ton ... 8 50 8 50. Other kind ... do ... 7 50.

COFFEE in bond and duty free. Rio ... 12 14. Laguira ... 12 14. Java ... 13 15. Porto Rico ... 12 13. Cuba ... 12 13. Laguira ... 12 13. Rio ... 12 13.

COTTON duty 3 cents. Louisiana ... 16@ 21. Upland ... 14@ 15. N. Alab. and Tenn. ... 13 14. S. C. and Geo. ... 13 14. N. C. and Va. ... 13 14.

DRUGGITS. Tin Farrington, per canal ... 100 lbs. ... Flour and Meal. Superfine ... bbl ... 5 50. Fine ... 4 62 ½. Rye ... 4 62. Hominy ... 4 62. Corn Meal. Penn. in bbls. ... 3 75 3 80. GRAIN. Rye ... 92 95. Corn, Penn. ... 60 62. Western ... 54 56. Oats ... 34 35. Do. Southern ... 33 34. Corn, C. for whse. ... 77 78. Do. for shipping ... 75 76. Do. U. C. mixed ... 85 86. Oats ... 35 36. Southern ... 34 35. Barley ... 90 95. Beans ... 1 00 1 10. Peas ... 1 00 1 10. HOPS ... 20 22. Penn. 1850, 50s. ... 18. MOLASSES. New Orleans ... 47 48.

Lumber 10,000 wa-
ceed to take up arms
down to Irwinton in
ards in their place.
y boast much of the-
cross the Chatahoo-

a large party of Chi-
ne, had attempted
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to be spies; how-
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man is in the rank-
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ad they been taken
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killed, among the
of the Chattahoo-
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EWS.

he recent arrivals
ndon and Liverpool
London Courier,
we find the following
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ercus talks of a Cab-
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nd nowise so decisive,
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That the French
have consented to do-
ed to the Spanish
portance, as removing
ignate beyond the Cape
e undoubtedly re-
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from the Islands of
rinians, shall have the
ll commodities which
ade Gazette.

Steam and Water.

y is to pay Russia no-
the latter is about to
to evacuate him-

continues to occupy the
The reduction of now-
g to 4s. 6d. per ton
Chancellor of the Ex-
a high stream and
Clarke.
and before the mem-
nmons by Lord Mor-
the 29th April.
education of the pea-
ts are to be formed
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ment is to be invited
ll attended the meet-
ll be exercised by
House of Commons, is
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naval armament.
he King is anxious to
with France and En-
ntinental security against
. Count Wattenstadt,
, had to go to England
his health, but it is
ed.

—Prince Metternich
nunication to the Gaz-
of England that the
resolved on dismant-
present in the States of
rtrian dominions.
ustrian army is to be
Mr. Moore and one or
ll has also of late been
communicated by
ur midst which wants but the clearing
ntrage of a liberal community to expand into
ebellious and fearful crime of the 4th of July
influence over the city of its birth and fosterage.

Dr. Draper's first regular lecture of his course
to reformed medicine, was delivered in the Hall
of the Franklin Institute on Tuesday evening
last, to a large and highly respectable audience
The remarks were chiefly in relation to that
fearful malady the consumption, which is an-
nually sweeping thousands to an early grave.
The lecturer stated that a preliminary view of
its primary causes, the several stages of the dis-
ease, and the abortive character of all attempts
hitherto made to cure it, was necessary. Dr. D. is
a graduate of the regular school, and therefore
ultimately qualified to treat upon this subject.
He is forcible, liberal and complete in his de-
livery, and we are confident that there are few
who would not be pleased by attending his lec-
tures—they will be regularly continued on the
Tuesday evening of each week until the course
is completed.

THE WAR IN FLORIDA.

The intelligence from the south is of the most
painful description, and challenges in a manner
the warmest sympathies in behalf of our suffering
brethren in that region. The movements of the In-
dians evidence a determination on their part, to
spare no means of plotting their brutal vengeance
by sacrificing the lives and destroying the property
of our citizens. For the cause which has given
rise, as yet, satisfactorily explained, Florida
has been almost entirely left subject to their
fiendish depredations, and she is now compelled to
contend to defend it. The Indians, emboldened
by their success, and the absence of all resist-
ance, have become more daring and reckless in
their burning torches, and devoting all who fall into
their power to unlimited cruelty and slaughter without
distinction of age, sex or condition. Such
is their course with the usual atrocities of
Indian warfare. The destruction of Roanoke
Island in Georgia has also been effected so suc-
cessfully not completely, that we may expect
before long to hear of similar attacks upon some
other of the many unguarded settlements in
Georgia and Alabama. The confusion is grow-
ing worse daily—the mails are detained, or if
sent on, plundered by the said marauders, and
the drivers and passengers pursued—the
people in the country are flocking into the large
towns for security, abandoning for the present
their business, and leaving their property at the
mercy of the foe. It is time that some check
should be imposed upon the ravages of the sa-
vages, and we are anxiously awaiting the result
of the movements of the troops sent out by go-
vernment to disperse the Indians and put a stop,
we trust a final one, to these predatory incursions
upon the peace of the whites.

TEXAS.

No official tidings have yet been received con-
firming the victory said to have been gained by
Houston, but in the absence of contradiction, we
must take it for granted that he was flying upon
the day are, in the main correct. The infor-
mation received through various channels, agree
that the Mexicans were routed, and the officers
commanding, including Santa Anna, taken pri-
soners. The only discrepancy in the statements
received by us, is relative to the mode of Santa
Anna's capture—they all concur as to the
fact. Under the proper head, we have publish-
ed some extracts from the New Orleans papers,
which, if true, fully confirm the reported suc-
cess of the Texians.

THE WOODS—UPROAR AT THE PARK THEATRE.

A considerable excitement has been raised in
New York over the conduct of Enquirer, which
in the absence of more important subjects for
discussion, has opened a severe fire of editorial
sarcasm and invective, upon the Woods whose
vocal performances in the theatre are said to be a
pleasure during their stay in our city. Col. Webb
alleges in justification of the course pursued by
his paper, that Mr. Wood has acted discourteously
and impudently towards Mrs. Conduit, another
member of the *corps musique*, and expressed his
regret at Mr. Forrest's treatment of his paper. Mr.
Wood retorted, and the Colonel called on the
public to sustain him in the charges made, by
attending at the theatre on the night of Mrs.
Wood's benefit, and hissing the objectionable wrath
—the good boys of Gotham obeyed the call—a
fracas ensued, in consequence of which it was found
impossible to quell until the manager came for-
ward and stated that the **Woods** had left the
house, and would not again be suffered to per-
form—This was what we think is scarcely
worth the attention the press of New York
are bestowing on it. If reflects no credit upon the
editor of the Enquirer and Courier, who should
not have thrown firebrands among the excitable
passions of the multitude, and we must condemn
any and every such conduct, although he may
have considered himself warranted in the steps
taken by the improper behaviour of Mr. Wood.
Let these days after the disturbance at the thea-
tre, a number of gentlemen resolved themselves
into a committee, for the purpose of giving Mr.
Wood a complimentary dinner—Mr. W. in re-
ply to the invitation, stated that his early depar-
ture for England would not permit him to avail
himself of their offer whereupon a subscription
was entered into immediately filled, for the pur-
chase of a splendid service of plate, to be pre-
sented to Mr. and Mrs. Wood, on a suitable oc-
casion. The following are the articles already
purchased.

A Server, richly chased, crape pattern bor-
der, with splendidly engraved scroll centre, or-
namented with clusters of flowers.

2 Large Silver Pitchers, richly chased in an-
tique style of polished chasing, with frosted bor-
ders and heavy scroll handles, ornamented with
figures in bold relief.

Silver Tea Kettle, engraved on a stand, with a
heating lamp, richly chased in the antique style
corresponding with the pitchers.

Tea Urn, large bowl and Cream cup, chased
as above, surmounted with a rose of rich frosted
chasing.

2 Goblets, with covers, surmounted with a
beautiful chased figure, standing on a plinth
chasing, gilded inside richly, with scroll in front
of rich chasing.

Another column will be found a minute
statement of the affair, which we copy from the
Sunday Morning News.

The intelligence so widely hoisted of the cap-
ture of Santa Anna by Mexicans, of Dr. Hogg,
Harrison, son of Gen. Harrison, appears to have
been incorrect. He was with Fanning, but es-
caped with a portion of the force directly after-
fell in with a party of Mexicans, was taken
prisoner, released by them, and while journey-
ing to the United States frontier, fell into the
hands of the Texians, and was carried on
board a Texian armed schooner, where he re-
mained at the latest advices, under confinement
as a spy!—Such is the story now current, of its
truth or falsity we cannot speak.

Mr. George K. Myers, of the Union Agency
established at Washington city, appears by the
National Intelligencer to have incurred a larger
share of suspicion than was expressed in our
editorial comment of last Saturday, upon the pe-
culiar circumstances connected with his appoint-
ment at Washington, gives a full detail of
the following pregnant facts, from the commence-
ment of his humbug, until its exposure.

It is only a matter of astonishment, that the good people
of Washington, guarded and protected by the
assembled sages of the land, should have been so
duped by such a ridiculous farce. It is to be
hoped that none of our sapient legislators have
suffered.

Washington, May 31, 1836.

Dear Sir—

We were this morning astounded by the news that
Mr. Myers was not a member of the bar, and had
some great agency or commission, had attempted to
open an office. He (we suppose) had got a larger
sum sooner as the agent of somebody or, something,
already made out his bills. He had, we hear, hired five
or six clerks, sent an immense and heavy iron chest
to be placed in his office, and had issued cards and
advertised that he had a very large sum of money on
hand to lend on bond and mortgage. He could not
come nothing forward to have so large a sum at once,
and the whole matter was explained. Many of the
gentlemen, who were more confident than wise, imme-
diately sent for their bonds and mortgages, and the
office of the Union Agency was closed. Mr. Myers
came out of the scrape, as it did not appear that he
had subscribed any bonds to sureties, and made
his way to a negro hut, where he remained, keeping
up the women and children, and from whence he was
taken to Alexandria, and thence to Baltimore. Only
one hundred writs were served upon him. He ap-
peared, it is said, to be under the influence of strong
drink. He chose as the bank was forced open to
find that the amount of money in the vault did not
contain a large bag full of reals! Do not laugh at the
folly of the citizens of Washington, after all, it is
not so entirely absurd as the hoax of Matthias. As yet
no legal steps have been taken against Myers, &c.

In the House on Thursday, the unfinished business
of the morning hour, was resumed, being the report
of the Committee on the Abolition Memorials and Pe-
titions. After some conversation respecting the de-
cision of the chair on the question and appeal of yes-
terday, the same was put to vote, and the decision of
the chair was sustained by ninety-two majority. The
general resolution in the words as read, is as fol-
lows:

Resolved, "That Congress ought not to interfere in
any way with slavery in the District of Columbia."—
The question being taken on the resolution, it was
decided in the affirmative yeas 132, nays 45. Mr.
Mercer moved to extend the time for the session, and
Mr. Granger followed suit and wished to give but
one day's notice. The motion to order, &c. was
lost, that proceeds for all future petitions, memorials,
&c. by being taken on the table, was now brought for-
ward, and the rules suspended to allow the business to
be attended to. It was decided in the affirmative yeas
117—nays 68. During the passage of these resolu-
tions, the House was a perfect scene of confusion, in
which Mr. Wise of course took no active part. There
were appeals to the chair—appeals from the decision
of the chair, and motions to suspend the rules, strung
together alternately as bow-string beats eggs, and of
about the same value! After the confusion had a lit-
tle subsided, the House took up the Post Office Bill,
to which the members debated, &c. &c. till the House
adjourned.

The House on Friday presented one of the most
ridiculous scenes in the world. A member of mem-
bers had the day before made an unsuccessful attempt
to "bolter" the House, and delay the proceedings by
causing what they call a count-out upon the House,
that is by refusing to vote when their names are
called; finding the resolution failed, they to-day deter-
mined to have their spree out, and were led on by
Mr. Adams, in general to cheat. When the journal
was read, the gentlemen found both because all their
tricks and cunning was not recorded in length on the
journal—Mr. Adams and Mr. Wise were armed with
a sudden admission of "truth, the whole truth and
nothing but the truth," which was that they wished
the journal to tell the truth. The journal stated that
Mr. Wise declined to vote, and he said he refused,
and thus tried to split a hair, if he could. It is cadets
to see the gentlemen of the Committee all their sheet-
drawn, Mr. Huntsman busy truly observed, that a great
deal was said in that hall, that for the sake of those
concerned had better not be repeated, much more re-
corded. To make short of the matter, the gentle-
men complaining, viz. Messrs. Adams, Fickens, Wise,
Glanced, Phillips and Granger, kept squealing, cha-
pering, and wrangling all the morning hours, till at
half past one o'clock, Mr. Vanderpool remarking
"that gentlemen had wasted sufficient time, in trying
to remedy their own denials," moved the previous
question, which was gladly sustained by the House,
by a vote of 96 to 80, and the resolution to order be dismissed
negatived, by a very large majority.

In the Senate on Friday a unanimous good humor
and conciliation seemed to prevail, every motion made
by a friend to a Senator was complied with, and even
took up the expressing resolutions expressly to allow
Mr. Hill to speak. Two thirds are necessary to im-
pose it. It would have been a pity that the gentle-
man should have had the trouble of preparing his speech
for nothing, and he was going to resign, to go home
and tell the people that he was done. Mr. Wright
spoke the day at considerable length in favour of his
amendment, and in opposition to the plan of Mr. Cal-
houn for regulating the deposites of the public money.
Mr. Wright at the conclusion of his remarks, by con-
sent, he did not indulge much in metaphor or
flights of fancy, but he digest compactly his argu-
ments, and overcame his heavies. If any his
argument loose, and overcame his heavies. If any has
to review it. He contrasted the present with the
the laws, manners, customs; club societies, mania-
tions, literature, corruptions, amusements, &c. &c.
&c. of both the English and the Americans. It is written in a
tone of liberality that will insure it a warm reception.

"Rameau's Nephew."—We have received from Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, a "Rameau's Nephew," by Diderot, translated by Jacques Le Clercq, and published by the same firm, in 1835." It is as the preface truly says—"The most valuable addition to the stock of information which America has yet possessed, connected with the French nation; or which she has hitherto received, or, in the ordinary course of things, is likely to receive." It contains the most explicit account of the laws, manners, customs; club societies, mania-
tions, literature, corruptions, amusements, &c. &c. of both the English and the Americans. It is written in a tone of liberality that will insure it a warm reception.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

May 28, *received from*		L. Van Bonkirk, Esq.	2 00
Henry A. Pye	5 00	May 31	
Wm. S. Hill, Esq.	5 00	J. A. Hurd,	2 00
Wm. Hall, Esq.	5 00	J. Leland & Co.	2 00
Guy Maxwell, Esq.	2 00	D. B. Sackett,	2 00
A. Bayle, Esq.	2 00	Thomas Wells,	2 00
A. Wendell, Esq.	5 00	Chauncey Hall,	2 00
Clar Kestel, Esq.	2 00	Alexander Mc Lung,	2 00
May 30.		Wm. Noble, Esq.	2 00
R. C. Wood,	1 25	Wm. Noble, Esq.	2 00
postage 81 ¼—equal to		Wm. Noble, Esq.	2 00
		E. Putnam, Esq.	2 25
money received	1 00	Joseph Wood, Esq.	2 00
Israel Crane, Jr.	15 00	J. M. Holmes, Esq.	5 00
Wm. Hall, Esq.	5 00	Wm. Hall, Esq.	5 00
William Dunn, Jr.	2 00	Wm. Little, Esq.	5 00
Wm. Hall, Esq.	5 00	D. Brown, Esq.	2 00
P. Nixon, Jr.	2 00	J. H. Sterling,	2 00
J. Leland, Esq.	2 00	May 31	
E. Norcross, Esq.	2 00	Simon Stempson,	20 00
Wm. Hall, Esq.	5 00	Andrew Ambrose, Esq.	2 00
J. W. Ferguson, Esq.	11 00	James Kitton, Esq.	2 00
C. S. Stringer, Esq.	2 00	J. H. Sterling, Esq.	2 00
P. Orcutt, Esq.	2 00	June 1.	
J. C. Stigreave, Esq.	2 00	Nathan Kent, Esq.	2 00
J. Delpuiter, Esq.	2 00	Eli South, Esq.	4 00
Wm. Hall, Esq.	5 00	Wm. Hall, Esq.	5 00
John Graham, Esq.	2 00	N. R. Bowen,	10 00
Simon Dunn, Esq.	5 00	J. Sayles, Esq.	2 00

SALES OF STOCKS.

This week at the Stock and Exch. Board of Brokers.

1875 shares	United States Bank,	124@126	100
100	Farm. & Mech. Bank,	100	100
50 do.	Mechanic's Bank,	61@62	35
50 do.	Girard Bank	59@60	35
5 do.	Kensington Bank,	70	50
10 do.	Western Bank,	60@61	50
10 do.	Schuylkill Bank,	60@62	50
10 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	113	100
15 do.	Lemoyne Bank,	106	100
10 do.	Kensington Bank,	69@70	50
200 do.	Vicksburg Bank, Miss.	67@68	60
50 do.	Farmers Bank, Penn.	100	100
1 do.	Mer. & Man. Bank Pittsb'g.	79½	50
5 do.	Northern Bank, Kentucky,	40@41	100
60 do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	100	100
10 do.	New Hope Rail Road,	17	50
90 do.	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	82	50
10 do.	Del. & Hudson Canal Co.	97½@97¾	50
213 do.	New Castle Rail Road,	24@24¼	25
10 do.	Philadelphia Savings	103	50
5 do.	Schuylkill Nav. Co.	16¾	50
25 do.	Penn. & Ohio R.R.	68@69	50
273 do.	Norristown Rail Road,	81@81½	50
5 do.	N. America Ins. Co.	50	50
24 do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	137@139	100
100 do.	Morris Canal,	100	100
$1300	State, 5 per cents,	104	100
$1000	do.	104	100
$1000	do.	104½	100
1875	Lehigh, 6 per cts,	103½	100

Proud men are continually beset with efforts, real or imaginary, and harassed with anger, indignation, re-
venge and other perturbations of the mental conscience, from which the humble are entirely free.

ALMANAC.

JUNE.	SUN	SUN	MOON'S
1836.	RISES.	SETS.	AGE.
3 Saturday,	4 30	7 31	5 47
4 Sunday,	4 30	7 31	6 47 P. M.
5 Monday,	4 29	7 32	7 47
6 Tuesday,	4 27	7 33	8 50 Full 9h 54
7 Wednesday,	4 27	7 33	9 50 Full 9h 54
8 Thursday,	4 27	7 33	10 44 New 14 12
9 Friday,	4 26	7 34	11 37 New 14 12
10 Saturday,	4 26	7 34	12 31

MARRIAGES.

On Wednesday morning, by the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D. WILLIS G. CLARK, Esq. of this city, to Miss Phila. Gazette, to ANNE POYNTELL, daughter of Capt. A. Coldclough, Esq.

On Thursday, 19th ult. by M. B. Roach, James W. Clement, to Susan, daughter of James Martin, of Southwark.

On Friday evening, 27th ult. by Alderman Cannon, Mr. Thomas Walton, to Miss Sophia Palmer, both of the Northern Liberties.

On Tuesday evening, 24th ult. by the Rev. James Boyd, Mr. William Fogue, of Montgomery, to Miss Deborah North, of this city.

On Thursday evening, 26th ult. by the Right Rev. Bishop White, Robert Morton, M. D. to Caroline, daughter of Henry Pratt.

On the 24th of March, by the Rev. Peter Wilie, Pastor of the United Brethren Church, at Philadelphia, Cayuan Alexander C. Easton, formerly of Bucks county, Penn. to Miss Lucy Ann Kelly, of Bucks county, adopted daughter of Cornelius Cox.

On Saturday 21st ult. at the second Presbyterian Church, in Cincinnati, Mr. Thomas Evans, Merchant of Cincinnati, to Miss Mary Ann Hamilton, daughter of the late Doctor John Sellman, of Philadelphia.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 10th of May, Mr. Henry Mauch, to Miss Mary Ann Hoffman.

By the same, on the evening of the 25th of May, Daniel Mowry, to Miss Hannah Ann Hall.

By the same, on the evening of the 26th May, Mr. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. to Miss Sarah Ann Stone, all of this city.

On the 30th ult. by Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Nicholas N. Seeley, of Bridgeport, to Miss Rebecca Wood, of the Northern Liberties.

On the 31st ult. by the same, Mr. Joseph Cheston, to Miss Elizabeth M. Bridport, both of the N. Liberties.

On the 24th ult. by the same, Mr. Joseph Bevan, to Miss Rebecca Fuller, Mr. Christopher Graff, to Miss Ann Maria Shaw, all of this city.

On the 12th ult. by Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Joseph Neagley, to Miss Emily Beezy, both of Philadelphia county.

On Thursday, 26th ult. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. George Robinson, to Miss Mary Ann Selloch.

On Tuesday, May 24th, 1836, by the Rev. James Boyd, Mr. Alexander D. Anderson, to Miss Maria Matilda, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Jas. A. Dunscomb, all of this city.

On Monday morning, May 23d, after a short illness, Samuel Thompson, son of Rebecca Thompson, in the 16th year of his age.

On Sunday morning, the 29th ult. of scarlet fever, Sally Brooke Buckley, youngest daughter of Mr. Wm. Buckley, aged 4 years and 2 months.

On Monday evening, 30th inst. the babe of 6 and 10 o'clock, after a short and severe illness, Harper Wal-
ton, the little son of Mr. Joseph.

On Tuesday 31st inst. after a lingering illness, Co-
nyngham Colhoun, of the city.

On Wednesday, of consumption, Richard, infant son of Joseph and Adeline Bringhurst.

On the 22nd of May, in the 30th year of his age, James Parker, late of Boston, Massachusetts.

At Sandy Hill, N. Y. on the 25th ult. the Hon. Na-
thaniel Pitcher, formerly Lieutenant Governor of the state of New York, or the 30th year of his age.

At his residence, in Pennsbury, Chester county, Pa. on Monday, the 23d ult. Thomas Barnett, in the 68th year of his age.

Suddenly, on the 17th of May, in Bloomsbury near Trenton, Mrs. Jane Mercein, wife of Reuben Mercein, in the 54th year of her age.

Wanted,

A NUMBER of persons to make flannel skirts and drawers. Apply at No. 4 Arch street, above Second.

Old Yellow Springs,

Chester county, Pennsylvania.

THE subscribers, proprietors of the above delightful and fashionable watering place, take pleasure in informing the public in general, that the Springs will be opened for the reception of visitors on the 1st day of June next, when every exertion will be used to render the place agreeable to those who may favour them with their company. The Springs are situated in the midst of a beautiful and healthy country, about 30 miles from Philadelphia, and 6 from Downingtown, on the Lancaster turnpike road, and are easily accessible by the Lancaster stage, which leaves the city every morning at 8 o'clock, from the corner of Market and Eighth streets. The Springs are well known to the public, and have been found highly beneficial in the cure of many diseases. The subscribers will spare no pains to render the place agreeable to those who may favour them with their company. Terms, $2 per day, or $12 per week. Children and servants half price.

T. & GODFREY & CO.

Proprietors.

Orders addressed to the subscribers at Downingtown, Chester county, Pa. will be punctually attended to.

my 28—

Baker's Intelligence Office.

*Established in May, 1811,—for the S. E corner of Chest-
nut and Fourth streets, Third story front room.*

PERSONS in search of servants of all descriptions, and servants in search of places, will find it to their advantage to call at the above office, where they will be attended to with punctuality and despatch. Parties from the country will find this office a convenient place to call at, as it is in the immediate vicinity of the Bank of the United States, and in the centre of the business part of the city. A regular communication is kept up with the Northern Liberties, Kensington, Spring Garden, Penn Township, Southwark, Moyamensing, Passyunk, Gray's Ferry, Darby, Kingsessing, Germantown, Frankford, Bristol, Bordentown, Burlington, Mount Holly, Mount Holly, Bridgeport, Camden, Haddonfield, Woodbury, Berry Mills, Round Thicket, Salem, Cape May, &c.

N. B. Wet nurses, of 18 years old, and 18 to 24 years old, wanted.

my 28—

Wanted,

A NUMBER of persons to make flannel shirts and drawers. Apply at No. 4 Arch street, above Second.

my 28—

Public Sale of Real Estate.

WILL be sold, at public sale, on Friday, the 10th day of June next, at 4 o'clock, P. M. at the Merchants' Coffee House, all that valuable lot of ground, situate on the north side of Chestnut street, in the township of Passyunk, bounded and described as follows, viz.

Beginning at the distance of one hundred and fifty feet eastward from the east side of Broad street, and in the middle line between Chestnut and Walnut streets, thence extending eastward parallel with Chestnut street, one hundred feet, thence northward parallel with Broad street, one hundred and fifty feet, thence westward parallel with Chestnut street, one hundred feet, and thence southward parallel with Broad street, one hundred and fifty feet to the place of beginning.

The above lot is subject to the payment of a ground rent of $100 per annum, forever.

Terms of sale—One hundred dollars at the time of sale, and the residue in one year, with interest, secured by bond and mortgage.

SAMUEL C. ATKINSON.

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SAMUEL C. ATKINSON.

my 28—

EVERY BODY'S ALBUM.

A Monthly Magazine of Humorous Tales, Essays, Anecdote, and Fancies. Embellished with Comic Engravings and Literature.

EACH number contains a variety of original matter, in which the reader will find a rich fund of humour, and a large collection of the most amusing anecdotes, and facetiæ of the day. The original and selected matter for which it is proposed to publish this work, will be of a character to please the most fastidious taste, and will be found entirely free from any thing that can offend the most delicate mind. The Editor has engaged the services of some of the most humorous writers in the country, and is determined to render it a work of good sense and fine taste. The Editor has also engaged the services of Messrs. Darley, Hamerton, Fellows, and Brunet, to embellish it with a number of comic engravings, which will be executed in the most superior manner. The Editor has also engaged the services of Messrs. Hammatt

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

From the New York Herald.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A worthy young lover once sought for his bride,
A dame of the liber stocking school;
"Excuse me, good sir, but I've vowed," she replied,
"That I would never marry a fool!"
"Then think not of wedlock," he answered, " my fair,
If you're one Dame's suggestion,
Since none but a fool, it is easy to swear,
Would venture to ask you the question."
"Not so that my fond lover," she answered with glee,
"For years off chums Di's intercession;
No man will e'er take your opinion of me,
Because you're a fool by confession."

"Dear Miss, in this notion alone I'm a fool,
And you're welcome to use the concession,
For your lovers, by every sensible rule,
Are evident fools by profession."

The Pennsylvanian of last week has produced a piece of patriotic poetry of which the merit will be found—it is most felicitous both in style and point. We explain for our readers the evident portion of the effusion.

Senator.

Oh, Chandler! Chairman of the Public Square,
Have you no feeling for the poor?
Can you not find some native ought to more,
Nomin the Chairman, but remove the best!

Walker.

Oh, Swift! illustrious Mayor—the power is thine—
Strong as the lioness of Afric's wrath to rouse!
Can you with cruel Councilmen unite,
Or hapless lowers when they vote their spite?

Bowker and Walker.

Together let our anguish then be pour'd,
Our supplicant prayer that seats may be restored;
So may we walk again, as once we walk'd—
So may we talk again, as once we talk'd—
So may we sleep and dream throughout the day;
Senators still awake—nor, Sunday wreaked the while.
If to our prayer the tyrant Councils yield,
In next October they may win the field;
But if, still cruel, they the boon refuse,
Hostile to loving, lounging, and the muse;
Their own soil seats shall be too surely lost,
Their hopes of rest irrevocably cross'd;
Too late their hasty error they will mourn,
And weike themselves from office, and return.

On Saturday last a countryman stepped into Capt. Collier's hotel for the purpose of selling a basket of eggs which he had brought to market. Mr. Kennard, the worthy host, happened to be present, and perceiving that the man was not very careful in guarding three his purchase into one of the eggs, and insisted the man should pay for the whole. He, however, refused; but was compelled to do so, by the interference of the landlord. Mr. Kennard then broke the egg, which proved to be addled, and the countryman left the house in a huff.—Newberry *Spectator*.

From the Reading Press.—Happening to be at a public house in Montgomery county, some time since, I met with the following specimens of the manner in which some of the people settle their affairs. Jack, we'll say, and Bill, were the latter elsewhere, advance what they were the public to know. If Mr. Dannuth had order, a set of handbills at some of the printer's; I might have cost him a few cents more than to write them, but then he would have saved his time, the mortification of being laughed at by the whole body of four years old, and no doubt a vast racking of his brain. It is time for the school master to be abroad in that quarter. TYRO.

Verbatim et Punctatum.

To be sold at Public Sale

On saturde the 3 day of march Naks at the house of David Dannuh in warwarsett township Montgomery Countey horse Crose one fore Waggon Waggon Jack Plow harrey a fore horse xtracher Sceaglehors Paces Appel Mil and Plocks barls horse grow and a warte of other articel too Numerous to be adscope mas to Commerce at 10 o'clock Noon and Condisions Made Nosng on the day of sale by

DAVID DEMUTH.

Allso at the same time and place I nod sold Pived A Cemphil frame Clover Shoat, 16 feet by 12 be'd of the law Manrel and held in a way to take in a Pard with not spole it.

The following anecdote of Daniel Webster is related in the New York Sun. In an important case in court, a blue science appeared against the client. One of the witnesses was to prove him false. Webster thought here to get rid of him altogether. Wherefore, as the fellow was waiting to be called upon the stand, the counsellor fixed upon him those large dark eyes of his which from beneath their awful brows are so well calculated to shoot terror into the soul of guilt. The false witness at first began to be uneasy. He cast down his eyes to avoid the sight of Webster. But he felt, or seemed to feel that the terrible eyes of the latter were still upon him. He turned his head upon end but it would not do. Presently he began to raise off a way or two; then a step or two more; until he finally disappeared in vain, and for want of his evidence, the cause went against the party that employed a false witness.

Grammar.—A school-master, while correcting an urchin for using bad language, told him to go to the other end of the room and speak in one of the declines, and that grammatically, or he should be punished. On going, he thus auditioned himself: "I be, we be, you be, thems, there is a common substantive, of the masculine gender, third person, singular number, agreement, who nice perched on an eminence at the other end of the room, wishes to articulate a few sentences with you in the present tense."

Wave and Meadi.—Two Irishmen who were relieving together out of studying, and being in want of a drink of whiskey, devised the following ways and means:

Patrick, catching a frog out of a brook, went forward and the tavern he called to the landlord, and told what treasure that was. "It is frog," replied the landlord. "No sir," said Pat "it is a treasure." "It's a frog, I tell you," repeated the landlord. "Well, sir," said Pat, "I will leave it to the first traveller that comes along, for or whether it is a treasure or a frog." The landlord. Murphy soon arrived, and to him was the matter stated. After much examination and discussion, it was decided to be a treasure; and the landlord in spite of the evidence to the contrary, paid the bill.

The Honest Boy.—A gentleman from the country placed his son with a dry goods merchant in — st. For a time all went on well. The lad was duly come to the store to purchase a sub straw, and the young man wanted upon her. The gentleman and the boy agreed to, and he proceeded to bid the goods. He discovered, before he had been there a few in the, and pointing it out to the lady, said, "Madam, I cannot of my duty to you there is a fourpence on this silk." (Of course, she did not take it.

The merchant overheard the remark, and immediately wrote to the father of the young man to come and take him home: "Sir," said he, "I don't want to make a merchant."

The father, who had ever reposed confidence in his son, was much grieved, and hastened to the city to be informed of his delinquency. "Sir," said the merchant, "I don't want to make a merchant."

"Because he has no tact," was the answer. "Why a day or two ago, he told a lady, relativities, who was buying silk, that the goods were thoroughly and I can be bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it would be foolishness of me to tell them of their existence."

"And so that all he's lost?" said the father.

"Yes," answered the merchant, "he is very well in other respects."

"Then I love my son better than ever; and I thank you for taking me of the matter; I would have him to another day as your store for the world."

We make no comments on the above. Whether such a trade as the merchant would make, or rather taking advantage of the purchaser's ignorance, then making the best of one's knowledge, we leave our readers to decide.—N. E. Gazette.

A light experiment.—During the severe frost which took place about a month ago, a lovely lass who had been married about a month, and brought to early come to the store to purchase a sub straw, and the young beau waited upon her. The gentleman and the boy agreed to, and he proceeded to bid the goods. He discovered, before he had been there a few in the, and pointing it out to the lady, said, "Madam, I cannot of my duty to you there is a fourpence on this silk." (Of course, she did not take it.

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DISCOVERY OF AN ENGLISHMAN,

Who had resided for thirty-three years among the Savages at Port Phillip.

Abridged from the Van Diemen's Land Magazine.

Mr. Batman, and others referred to, had removed from Van Diemen's Land, to Port Phillip, on the coast of New South Wales, with the intention of establishing themselves there as settlers and large sheep farmers. Soon after their arrival they were struck by the stately gait of the natives, by the color of many, and by the European appearance of some. Curiosity, and by the cooperative civilization which prevailed. Rude and extensive huts were seen, sheep and cows were found in parts constructed across creeks and inlets, with convenient stances for the purpose of raising fish at the fall of the tide. Several of the barkshelters, or wigwams, were formed in a superior and considerable manner, tolerably well thatched, with a narrow passage for the door way, and fireplace in front. Pieces of wood were hollowed or scooped out to serve as calabash buckets to carry water, and the dresses of kangaroo skins were neatly joined together with regular stitch, and cut away so as to form a complete vesture. The natives, however, had not dispersed themselves in their new possessions many days when these and various other indications of ingenuity were satisfactorily explained by the appearance of a white man clothed in a kangaroo cloak. He was at first rather timid in his approaches, but when spoken to kindly, and offered a piece of bread, he threw off his reserve, and after eating the bread with apparent relish, and looking at it as if endeavoring to bring something to his recollection, he accosted with sympathetic delight glowing in his face, "Broad?" Other English words soon returned to his memory, and he by all that omitted to communicate that his name was William Buckley; that he had been one of those who had escaped from the settlement at Port Phillip by the ship Orono, formed by the late Col. Collins, in attempting, agreeably to the instructions of the British Government, to form a settlement at Port Phillip in 1803; that he had been with the tribe of the Wallarongaites whose he then met with in the bush, and over whom he had long exercised the office of a chief. He is a very tall man, having served as a grenadier in Holland under the Duke of York; is from 50 to 60 years old in very years of age, and in excellent health.—Through the assistance of Mr. Batman, Buckley forwarded a petition to the Lt. Governor, praying for a pardon, which was very soon present, to enable him to resume where he is, and to communicate the result of his journey with the neighboring country, and the many valuable discoveries which he had made in it. This, we are glad to say, he has certainly already been pleased to grant, impressing at the same time upon the unfortunate man the wish and desire to do all in his power to maintain an amicable intercourse between the aborigines and the settlers. He had already been the means of preventing a sanguinary attack of his late tough companions, and, soon, the little party already settled there. In a philosophical point of view, the discovery is truly interesting, and a narrative of his various vicissitudes during his long sojourn, well told, would form a classic work of Robinson Crusoe. Two other persons from the Orono descended with him, but they had never seen or heard of them since the end of the first twelve month, when he joined the natives.—*Athenæum.*

CHINESE FIRST BOOK.

The following Chinese precepts and incentives to the acquirement of knowledge, are translated from the Chinese, from one of their First Books for children:

I am a horse, which from its quickness will outstrip a multitude.

One read by light of glow-worms, and another by reflection of snow.

Those, though their families were poor, did not omit to study.

One carrying faggots, and another with his book tied to a cow's horn.

Yet did not that engaged in labour, studied with assiduity.

Soo Lianchung, when he was twenty-seven years of age,

Commenced assiduous study, and applied his mind to it.

This man, when old, grieved that he commenced so late.

You, who are young, ought early to think of these things.

160 Behold Leang Hea, at the advanced age of eighty,

In the imperial hall among many scholars, gave the first rank.

This he accomplished, and was by all regarded as a prodigy

You, youthful readers, should now resolve to be diligent.

Yung, when only eight years old, could recite the 130 And Fu, at the age of seven, understood the game of chess.

These displayed ability, and were by men deemed extraordinary.

And you, my youthful scholars, ought to imitate them.

Soo Tsin, when he heard the night cock crowing, left his bed, and practised with great assiduity.

Sun Tsoowan, likewise, could sing and chant:

170 Those two men, though rich, were not ignorant and unlearned.

You, then, my lads, should surely cease to indigence.

Lew Nagan, of Tang, when only seven years old,

Could compose and read a book of 3,000 characters correctly in writing:

He, though very young, was thus highly promoted:

185 You, young learners, should strive to follow his example.

And he who does so, will acquire similar honors.

Ts'ae Wan-keen, when only eight years old,

Could distinguish the sounds of the bamboo flute.

If any refuse to learn, how can they be esteemed men?

The silk worm eats silk; the bee gathers honey;

190 It men neglect to learn, they are inferior to the brutes.

He who learns in youth, and acts when of mature age, Extends his influence to the prince, benefits the people, Makes his name renowned, renders illustrious his parents,

Reflects glory on his ancestors, and ennobles his posterity.

175 Some for their offspring, leave coffers filled with gold;

While I, to teach children, leave but one little book.

Diligence has merit; play yields no profit;

Let me on your guard! Reader all your energies!

NATURAL HISTORY OF MISSOURI.

EARTHQUAKE.

We make the following extract from an interesting letter recently written by Dr. Lone, one of the U. S. Senators from Missouri, to the Hon. John Bell, Chairman of a Committee of the Senate, on the subject of removing the Cherokees to the S. W. of the White and Big Black rivers, which, taking their rise in the Cherokee country, run nearly parallel with the Mississippi for some hundreds of miles, and finally unite far down. Dr. Lone, who is called the "Father of Missouri," in his letter contains much valuable geological information concerning the country between the Mississippi and Arkansas, and discovers an intimate acquaintance with the subject, which would lead us to suppose that the whole calcareous essay by the writer than a brief letter.

The most remarkable feature in the country we remember to have seen of the earthquake of 1811, and the most singular effect upon the surface of the country. It would appear by the statement of Dr. Lone, that the movement of the rain in those parts, which may be accomplished at an unconsiderable expense, would restore tract of country to its former fertility. The climate would be redeemed from waste, and the whole region rendered healthful and beautiful.—*Boston Mer.*

"From the town of Cape Girardeau to Helena, below the mouth of St. Francis, is a distance of several hundred miles, and from the bank of the Mississippi to the high grounds in Missouri and Arkansas, average many or seventy miles. The greater part of this area, at the time of the earthquake of 1811, was heavily timbered with cypress and other aquatic trees were their branches in gloomy solitude. In the midst of the bottoms, islands of rocks and elevated portions of land appear, at various distances, like oases in a desert, and are surrounded by the French 'cote sec deseuf,' or hills of dry ground. How came these hills in this situation? The most reasonable answer that suggests itself to the mind in answer to that question, is, that the greater portion of the gloomy region, annually covered by the waters, and, at all seasons, by a heavy growth of timber, rank cane-brakes, closely interwoven by every species of the most luxuriant vines, was once high ground, but during some convulsions of nature such as that which occurred in 1811, sunk many feet lower in grandeur over the surrounding scene of desolation. At the same time, the St. Francis turned from its bed or ancient channel, was compelled to seek a new one, and, in its course, left behind it many lagoons, and silent lagoons. Nor is the opinion singular that the country was thus deprived by an earthquake.

The memorable earthquake of December, 1811, affected shaking the valley of the Mississippi to its centre, widening the channels of the rivers which intersect the land, causing the primitive mountain barriers, and away along the shores of the Atlantic ocean. To the scientific man and contemplative, during the continuance of so appalling a phenomenon, the sublimity of the distant rumbling sounds, succeeded by discharges as if a thousand pieces of artillery were suddenly exploded; the earth rocked to and fro, mechanic obeyed, from whence issued columns of water, sand and coal, accompanied by burning matter ensued, perhaps, by the escape of pent-up steam, which rose and arose, flashes of electricity presented through the troubled clouds of night, rendering the darkness darkly horrible. The current of the Mississippi, during the awe-inspiring scene, was driven back upon its source with the greatest velocity for several hours, in consequence of an elevation of its bed. But this period was not thus to be stayed in its course. Its accumulated waters again became flowing on, and, overcoming the barrier that suddenly raised, carried every thing before them with irresistible force. Islands were formed on its surface, shot down the declivity like an arrow from a bow, and disappeared in the depths of destruction. A few day's action of this powerful current sufficed to wear away every vestige of the barrier that so strangely intervened, and the waters flow on in their wonted channels to the ocean. The day that succeeded this event, the sun appeared to rise in its dawn. Smoke followed smoke; a dense black cloud or vapour overshadowed the land, through which no struggling sunbeam found its way to cheer the desponding heart of man, who, in silent communion with himself, was compelled to acknowledge his weakness and dependence on the energies of God. The appearance which presented themselves after the subsidence of the principal convulsions, were such as strongly supported an opinion heretofore advanced. Hills had disappeared, and lakes were found in their stead; and numerous lakes became elevated ground, over the surface of which vast heaps of sand were scattered in every direction, while, in many places, the earth, for miles around, was rent to the depth of the surrounding country, without being covered with water, leaving an impression on the imagination of a catastrophe truth more important in its effects, which had, perhaps, depended on its agency before.

One of the lakes formed on this occasion, is sixty miles in length, and from three to six miles in width in breadth. It is, in some places very shallow; in others, from fifty to sixty feet deep; which is much more than the depth of the Mississippi river in that quarter. In sailing over its surface, in the light canoe, the voyager is struck with wonder at beholding the giant trees of the forest standing gradually diminishing in size, as the water rises around their trunks. But the wonder is still further increased on casting the eye to the bottom of the transparent lake, observe cane-brakes covering its bottom, over which a countless variety of species of fish are sporting, undragging his slow length along, while countless myriads of the same species are seen darting to and fro like flashes of lightning. The whole has passed through the deadening influence of the earthquake, and is now disappeared in the abyss. His beneficent influence is felt in the climate, which has become healthful, and in the soil, the deep residuum of its forests, and the sediment of its waters.

INFLUENCE OF A WIFE.

"Why do you look so sad for so long a time at the door?" said Edward Fox— passionately to his wife. The subject of the conversation was the husband of the house, as Mrs. F——— with sorrowful heart smiled to herself.

"It is not Edward, and I could not keep from alarming."

He said nothing in return to this but flung himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands. He soon climbed upon his knee, and putting his arm round his neck, inquired, "Papa, what makes you look so and crying for?" Mr. F——— started and shook off his boy, across from the room. "Get out of my sight, you have too much like your mother to let you be up at the late hour!" The poor child left the room, but he was at the same too much frightened to cry. His master accosted him in the kitchen, and when he could not help heart discharged itself in many gust. The mother heard his crying, and, as soon as she could, she returned to the parlor. She leaned upon her husband, and thus addressed him:

"Edward, I will not upbraid you on account of your harshness to me, but I implore you not to act in this manner before your children. You are unjust to them. And as for myself, you do not know me if you think that circumstance can ever change my feelings for them. A woman's love is like the plant which shows its strength the more it is trodden on. Accept you well, my husband; it is true your father has cast you off, and you are indeed poor; but you are rich, and far be it me all the world—only consider your wife in that light."

A slight tap was now heard at the door, and Mrs. F——— went to ascertain the cause. It was a letter for her husband; "Mary is at the door; she says you always let her before she goes away."

"My child, my child" said the father, "God bless me! I have forgotten my child. Mary, you are dear to me to-night. Go to rest now; give me one of your kisses, and I will remember you in the morning. Good night, dear."

Mr. F——— was persuaded by his affectionate partner to retire; but sleep and rest were not for him—his wife and children were happy, and he was happy; but now the ruin he had brought upon them was an awakening reality. When they arose in the morning, they appeared above the line of the opposite houses, Mr. F——— rose.

"Where are you going, Edward?" said his wife with alarm.

"I have been considering," he replied calmly, "and I am determined to go to sea. I will try my fortune once more; I will not be a burden to you. I will make up for what I have done. I will, I will, I will,